

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The general opinion seems to be that the frivolities at the Fair this year were rather tame. The managers made a strong effort to eliminate from the show those features against which clergymen have entered protests for several years, and the result has not been satisfactory to the bulk of Fair-goers. Last year the ballet was condemned and, no doubt, rightly so, for it was not artistic and was offensive to many, but this year the other extreme has been reached. The ballet could have been eschewed, but public opinion did not demand that trousers should be put on the piano-legs and stove-legs, and that the club-swingers to avoid showing the outlines of his figure, should wear a suit of overalls. There must be a large area of sensible middle-ground between those things that are lewd and those that are virtuous but stupid, and if the general influence of the Exhibition tends for good, some few concessions must be made in order to attract the masses of people who are not interested in the ordinary features of a fall Fair. We must have contortionists, and trick ponies, and performing elephants, and balloon ascensions, and parachute drops, and a score of other interesting features, even if they do not inculcate moral lessons or promote piety. People demand those things and they have a right to do so if they wish. They have a right to remain away from the Fair if it ceases to interest them. No doubt Manager Hill meets some people who urge that he should exclude from the grounds everything that has not a serious use—there should be no speeding in the ring, no trapeze work, no buffoonery of any sort. Others would like to see a hundred new tricks and dances introduced, and the whole Fair turned into a merry-making. Neither of these classes of people are safe advisers, for the masses like just such a reasonable mixture as it has been the practice to give. The machinery hall, the cattle sheds, the sheep pens, the poultry and dog exhibits, the art gallery, the main building with its endless variety of contents, these are all open to the serious minded. People turn gratefully to amusements, too, and diversions must be provided.

Those tableaux were the flattest failure that we have had yet at the Exhibition, not because they were poorly presented, but because the idea was not a good one. The Jubilee procession was the poorest spectacle we have had in years, and from the very nature of things was pretty much of a burlesque. It looked very well at night and the brass bands and the soldiers almost redeemed it, yet people could not help feeling like children playing make-believe when Her Majesty came along in her gilded stoneboat, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales trotted past with a curly gray wig on his head. In the afternoon, with the sensible sunlight exposing all the seams and buttons of the elaborate tom-foolery, no doubt many people felt rather shamefaced. Of course the idea of taking the torrent of patriotic feeling at its flood was a good one and promised to be profitable, but it must have been forgotten that sometimes very little bridges the distance from the sublime to the ridiculous.

In speaking in this way my desire is to emphasize a fact that the Fair managers must take under serious consideration. The people of Toronto are becoming disaffected towards the fair, and unless something is done to renew the interest of the citizens we may see the Industrial Exhibition dwindle rather than increase in importance. Townspeople are getting into the habit of saying, "No, I'm not going to the Fair—it's the same old thing." This remark is never justifiable, for there are always a thousand new things to be seen by the observant person—new machines, new inventions of every kind.

We have citizens, however, who find some sort of satisfaction in saying that they have not been to the Fair for three or four years and wouldn't go across the road to see it. The fault lies oftener in the persons themselves than in the Fair, yet what will be the outcome if such persons multiply and persuade others and still others to stand aloof, until the great crowds of former days are no longer to be seen at the Exhibition? Already from the towns and the farms people come in and, hearing city people talk, knock around for a couple of days, then go home and acquire local fame by announcing that they were in Toronto "but didn't go to the Fair—same old thing." This affectation of superiority, this weak pretence that one has seen everything that is worth seeing, bids fair to grow very fashionable, and the great outside public will follow the vogue quickly. It is empty chatter to say that the Fair contains nothing to interest you, and if you can truthfully say it you are in a bad way and out of touch with life. There are abundant interests at the Fair for the healthy man, no matter how widely traveled he may be, and half of those who loftily denounce the Exhibition remain away, perhaps, because they fear that they might get lost in the crowds and the winding avenues.

It is not at all smart for Toronto people to put on airs in this matter, for they thereby injure the Fair without adding materially to their own reputation for good sense. On the other hand the managers of the Industrial Exhibition should not forget that the city has a population of about two hundred thousand people, and in laying out the programme care

should be taken to provide features that will possess the merit of novelty to men and women who live in town. The smart young man who has seen everything on earth and cannot look at anything a second time without suffering a headache, cannot of course be successfully catered to, but features should be provided that will interest less exacting people and so impose silence upon those who talk of the Fair as a bore. Above all, such features as processions and tableaux that are open to ridicule should be avoided. We have a Fair that enjoys almost a continental reputation and we should not originate the grumble that will end in its overthrow.

It is useless to talk about the duty which the citizens of Toronto owe to the institution which confers so many benefits upon the city. No doubt it is a citizen's duty to attend the Fair and uphold its good name, yet we neglect many a duty. People must be attracted, not compelled by conscience in such a case as this. The churches ring bells to remind people of

true of cattle, and machinery, and a thousand other things that may be seen at the Fair.

The *Hamilton Herald* has come out in defence of the "sweat-box" system, by which detectives cross-examine prisoners and, if possible, worry them into making admissions that will convict them, or make their conviction sure. In my references to the Galt case, I desire to point out that I did not introduce the term "sweat-box," it being used repeatedly by the papers that admiringly reported the work of the detective. But call it what you will the practice is so liable to be abused that it must be placed in the list of bad practices; and in saying this I am not only offering an opinion but stating a principle of common law, for it is a principle of the British common law, that no confession is acceptable as evidence unless it is quite voluntary, and even then, it must be corroborated by as much evidence as the discretion of the court may think necessary. We must not forget that the purpose of the Crown is to administer justice. Its duty,

unless we suppose that the plaintiff's attorney has the full authority and aid of the Crown placed at his disposal for the occasion.

Young Allison may be guilty, and it is almost impossible to meet a man who doubts it, but the ready confidence with which men express a belief in his guilt, should warn us against allowing the rights of a prisoner to be encroached upon. What do you know and what do I know, after all, about the Galt murder? We know absolutely nothing about it. We have framed a judgment upon alleged facts and reasonings put forward in support of theories. We have read newspaper reports, and, influenced by what they said, we were ready to place the noose over the heads of three men in turn. Public opinion, directed by the press, is ready to hang Allison, yet what a very little thing might have caused the detective and the newspapers to continue to point accusing fingers at Blair or at Trevelyan, and then, innocent as they are, we would have pointed our fingers also. After all, the detective selects the mur-

of his editorial voice was too positively Canadian to suit the United Statesers who are beginning to dominate business and politics in the Kootenay country. The situation is almost humorous. Here is a Canadian who had to move on because a part of the country is possessed by aliens. Mr. Nicholl is precisely the kind of a man who is needed in the Journalism of British Columbia, and the incident at Kaslo proves his fitness—proves even the absolute necessity of having such a man on guard. If newspapers in British Columbia are to be owned or controlled by outsiders bent upon subverting our institutions, it becomes necessary to have other newspapers actively engaged in exposing the aims and defeating the purposes of such men. We must attach considerable importance to Mr. Nicholl's action, and, in view of it, hold in some suspicion those Western newspapers which advocate measures that do not seem discreet or patriotic. If Mr. Nicholl preferred to break rather than bend, there may be other Canadian editors in the West who find it easier and more profitable to bend whenever called upon. The question presents itself—Who succeeded Mr. Nicholl on the *Kootenian* and what tone of voice is he graciously permitted to employ?

The *Canadian Grocer* this week contains an item of news the sequel to which will be awaited with interest by a good many people. I shall quote part of it:

The T. Eaton Co., Limited, the big departmental store concern of Toronto, has recently been selling at five cents a bottle a sauce purporting to be that well known, delicious sauce, Worcestershire. Being something like 80 to 85 per cent. below the regular retail price of the genuine Worcestershire sauce as put up by Lea & Perrins, the low figure at which the departmental store offered the article naturally excited interest in the grocery trade. One well known retail house in Toronto, in order to satisfy its curiosity, purchased a bottle. The label was not the label of Lea & Perrins. In fact, there was nothing on the label to indicate who was the maker of the contents, but a discovery was made which may lead to some interesting results. It was discovered that blown into the bottle was the name of Lea & Perrins. And, as the agents for the Lea & Perrins condiment are emphatic in their declaration that this particular article being sold by the T. Eaton Co. is not the product of their firm, it follows that deception is being practiced somewhere. Who is responsible for the deception investigation only will reveal.

The *Grocer* recites the law governing trade marks, and adds that a bottle of the sauce which the T. Eaton Co. is selling, together with bill proving sale, has been expressed to Crosse & Blackwell, the general agents.

PRESCOTT, ONT., Sept. 3, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I am interested in your remarks re a name for the people of the United States. Why not call them "Unistatians."

The word is good phonetically if the first "a" is long, and I fancy does not offend the laws of derivation, etc.

I have made this suggestion elsewhere before. Hope you may be successful in this needed reform.

Yours, etc., JONE E. GOW.

The rush to the Klondike having now ceased owing to the lateness of the season, the restless spirit of the time has located a gold panic at Michipicoten, and people may be expected to rush there by hundreds. It must strike the cautious man as singular that so many phenomenal gold finds should follow in long and dazzling procession. The year opened with the Rossland boom, and this was followed or accompanied by the awakening of unparalleled interest in the mines of Rat Portage, Sudbury, and the Eastern townships. Suddenly all these were eclipsed by the report of great finds in the Yukon country, and now that winter has closed down upon the Arctic regions up jumps Michipicoten screeching and beckoning us to her wealth of gold. We are also told by the telegraph wire that in Northern British Columbia, but far south of the Yukon there are veritable gulches of gold, easily accessible to travelers. Whatever the true facts may be about any or all of these finds, it is reasonably certain that the railway, steamboat and supply companies, are unanimously determined to keep the gold excitement keyed up all the year around, and the sensational press is helping as much as possible. Reports from Skaguay, B. C., can no longer be misunderstood. Thousands of people are within sight of death from cold and starvation. It is now estimated that not more than twenty per cent. of those who set out for the Klondike will get there this year, if ever, the others being caught at Dyea or Skaguay, or worse still, at points yet further north. Hundreds of men will die, victims to the thoughtless sensationalism of the press and the greed of transportation companies. Death is inevitable for hundreds of those on whom winter has fallen like a blanket to smother them or an avalanche to bury them. Of those who got through many were inadequately equipped for an Arctic winter, possessing insufficient money, clothing and food. Of those already at Dawson City many are unable to offer assistance to beggarly new-comers. Even at Skaguay, where supplies have been side-tracked, the winter is awaited with serious apprehensions.

An English newspaper has been keeping a sharp eye on the United States papers that reach its office, and as a result has expressed its surprise at some of the references to the Klondike. The *Chicago Tribune* is quoted as saying: "The miners will not relish the idea of being deprived of their hard-earned treasure, and if the Dominion officers get too inquisitive and overbearing they will find their little squad of police will not be able to terrorize thousands of men who have arms and who know how to use them." This tone is found in a chain of newspapers that extend from New York to San Francisco, and quite justifies the opinion that some of our neighbors are hopeful of provoking strife on the borders of Alaska and British Columbia. Those who think that



AN OLD-TIME LOVER.

their duty to the church, but the theaters do not need to ring bells, nor do the saloons. It is necessary to ring bells to call men to prayer, but they gather for play, or even for sin, without any noisy summons. It will not do to depend upon the duty owed by the citizens to the Fair; the show must be made a little bit more alluring to city folk. At the same time, and while I say this, it is true that the people of the town are becoming a little indifferent to their own interests and forget how important to the city and the province the Industrial Exhibition has been, and is and may yet be. The more far-seeing of our business men should next year set an example to others by decorating their places of business and otherwise doing what they can to make the city attractive, interesting and more honestly hospitable to strangers. The Fair is well managed; no rival on the continent can compare with it, and we must suppress the precocious young persons who, having seen one parachute drop and a variety performance at a theater, loudly affect to despise anything that may be offered by the men who manage the Industrial. Although plows are not used in Toronto, plows are still of use, and the same is

in the presence of a crime, is to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. It has no right to discharge one-half its duty with violence and neglect the other half. This dual duty of the Crown necessitates not only an upright judge, but it imposes restrictions upon subordinate officials like detectives, who are not allowed to take a man out and hang him when they decide that he is guilty. They must prove their case, and until they do this in court the man is not at their mercy nor at the hangman's. He is a citizen, and is as much entitled to vindication if innocent as he is to punishment if guilty. When a man is under arrest on suspicion of a crime, the detective who suspects him is not an impartial agent of justice, but an accuser; satisfied that the man is guilty, he tries to prove it and regards as friendly to his theory any fact that may be elicited. He puts his own construction on facts. Therefore, when he interviews the prisoner in his cell, the proceeding is practically the same as if a plaintiff's attorney pounced upon a defendant in the absence of his legal adviser, and worried him into answering questions that would be ruled out of order in court. But this comparison is not complete

derer, and the newspapers do the rest, for out from the ranks of newspaper readers comes a cloud of witnesses, whose evidence grows more circumstantial and damning every day, and public opinion applauds, the man is hanged, we all shudder and pass on to the next sensation. I am not suggesting that wrongs are committed, but am merely pointing out the facts as they exist, namely, that in a case where the real culprit could not be found out, a detective, with the support of the newspapers, could hang any man who might be selected for the honor. There may never have been such a case, but one could occur. It is, therefore, well to adhere to British practice and grant the accused person every ounce of that fair play which our system pretends to grant him.

Mr. Walter Nicholl, whose leader in the *London News* explaining why he resigned his place as the salaried editor of a daily paper, was so valuable that it was wasted in many a scrap-book, has written another important valedictory. He went to British Columbia and became editor and part proprietor of the *Kaslo Kootenian*, but he has resigned and sold out, giving as his reason that the tone

trouble, if it does arise, would only be a local riot, may forget that there are not only gold-fields involved but also a big boundary dispute, and phases of the seal question—so that if a brand were put under the pot the whole thing would at once boil over.

MACK.

The Navel Orange Again.

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., Sept. 3, 1897.
DEAR SIR:—In a late number of your paper I note some mis-statements as to the name and origin of the famous Washington Navel Orange. In the early seventies two small trees of this seedless variety were sent from Brazil to the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D.C., and by him forwarded, one to California, the other to Florida. The tree sent to California was set at Riverside South, Cal., and is now a fine tree, surrounded by a numerous progeny propagated, of course, by "budding" from the parent tree, as the orange is seedless. The form of the fruit gave the name Navel, and the full name, Washington Navel, of course, comes from no "compromise of claimants" in California. Yours truly,
WASHINGTON NAVAL ORANGE-GROWER
OF REDLANDS, CAL.

Society at the Capital.

For the last ten days the Capital has been quite gay, the visit of the Medical Association, the return of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and their grand reception making quite a stir after two months of complete monotony. The Medical Association just spent Saturday with us and underwent the usual amount of sight-seeing, dining and wining, speechifying and hand-shaking. The medical profession settled down on Sunday morning to restful contemplation of the last week of gaiety in Montreal and elsewhere, and the City Council put away their best clothes, hoping they would not soon be again needed, as they have done little but receive associations, etc., for some weeks past. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier spent two days at the Russell House, being disappointed at not finding their own residence on Theodore street ready for occupation. They have gone to Arthabaskville for a few weeks' quiet and rest. Both the Premier and Lady Laurier look exceedingly well after their trip and appear greatly delighted, as who would not be at the magnificent reception accorded to them everywhere.

The town is beginning to fill up, now that the schools are opening, and every train brings in families who, having spent the summer on the seashore or lake shore, return home browned and tanned with the sun. A large contingent came up from Cap a L'Aigle last week: Mrs. H. P. Wright, the doctor following later, after attending the medical meeting in Montreal; Mr. Fred Avery and family, and Miss Ethel Jones, daughter of Mr. L. Jones, who was Mrs. Avery's guest for some time; Mrs. Cassels, with her family, Mr. Richard Cassels, who has been ill for some weeks, preceding her a few days, Mr. Irwin, who has been at Cacouna all summer, returned last week, too. Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Irwin will not return for another month. Mr. Middleton (who lately married Miss Minnie Smith, daughter of the late Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries) and Mrs. Middleton have returned to town and are settled in a pretty house on Sandy Hill. Miss Laura Smith is still away, but is expected home before very long.

Miss Anna French, a daughter of the late F. P. French, is in Ottawa at present. Miss French has been away from Ottawa for some years and is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses at Baltimore.

Hon. R. W. Scott, Mrs. Scott, Miss Lilian Scott and Miss Agnes Scott left last week for Quebec where they spent a few days.

Mrs. John Costigan, who has spent the summer at Cacouna, left last week for Edmondson, N.B., where she will be joined by her husband, Hon. John Costigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliot, and their family of pretty children, have returned from Cacouna where they spent the summer.

Miss Martin Griffin has gone to Halifax where she will be the guest of Hon. Senator Power and Mrs. Power for some time.

Lieut. Col. Tolton and Mrs. Tolton, who have spent the summer at Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, have returned to town.

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, has taken a house in Montreal for the winter months and his family will reside there, not at the Capital. The reason for this is that Miss Borden (who was so popular in Ottawa last season) will this year take a course of lectures at McGill College. Dr. and Mrs. Borden's son will also take a course, so Mrs. Borden will reside there too, the Minister spending part of his time in Montreal and Mrs. Borden coming to Ottawa for the larger functions.

Mrs. Butler, wife of Lieut. Col. Butler, spent last week at the Russell, coming up with the Colonel, who attended the D.R.A. meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Wilson, who have been at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, for some weeks, have returned to town and taken a house on Daly avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Christie, who has spent the summer at Riviere du Loup with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate, has returned home.

The D. R. A. meet which is usually such a brilliant one socially, has not been so this year by any means. This is owing to a variety of causes, partly to the absence of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, who were present last year, and partly to the absence of Mrs. Gibson, the popular wife of Lieut. Col. Gibson, who is also very popular as president of the Association. Lieut. Col. Powell, formerly adjutant, is also very much missed during D. R. A. week, as he and Mrs. Powell kept open house during the meet and always give a dance as a wind up, which was always very much enjoyed. Mrs. Massey, wife of Lieut. Col. Massey, did not come up this year either. She and her husband are very popular in Ottawa.

Mrs. Cotton of Kingston, wife of Lieut. Col. Cotton, was in town last week house-hunting, and she and the colonel have finally decided on a new house on Cooper street, near the corner of Elgin street. The family will remove to Ottawa in a few weeks, Col. Cotton having been here for some months.

Much interest is felt in Ottawa and, indeed, all over Canada, in the engagement just announced of Mrs. Schomberger, Scarlet Oaks, Cincinnati, to Mr. Harris, a young Englishman, who formerly lived in Montreal and Ottawa and was here last winter as Albani's agent.

The prospective bride was a Miss Stella Beatty of Cobourg, and before her marriage to Mr. Schomberger and since has been well known and much liked by the elite of Canadian society. Since Mr. Schomberger's death, Mrs. Schomberger has spent her time abroad, at her lovely home in Cincinnati, and with her sisters, Mesdames Macdougall and Girouard of Ottawa.

Social and Personal.

A wedding which will long be remembered for its beauty and brightness, its refined and lovely surroundings, and the interest attached to the principal parties, was that of Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick and Miss Mimie Homer Dixon, which was celebrated in St. James's Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon. For some time before three o'clock, the hour set for the ceremony, a constant stream of guests filled the reserved seats and there was a ceaseless flitting to and fro of ushers and brilliantly robed guests, whose beautiful gowns transformed quiet, old, grave St. James's Cathedral into a flower garden. The white-robed choir, backed by a chorus of female voices rendered the hymns and responses throughout the service. Mr. Humphrey Anger presiding at the organ. His Lordship Bishop Sullivan performed the ceremony, amid reverent and decorous attention from all, the usual heedless and unseemly crowds being happily absent, and everything as befits a sacred ceremony. A smile of pleasure was on every face as Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick walked up the aisle, his Honor looking bright and well and her Ladyship, in a white brocade with ecru lace sleeves and dainty bodice, and small black *toque* with diamond stars, as handsome as a picture. Then the four ushers, Messrs. Harry Wyatt, Scott Griffin, McInnes and Heward, came slowly, two and two, followed by the first bridesmaid, Miss Katie Homer Dixon, and her companion maids, Miss Marion Wilkie and Miss Ethel White. The maids wore white silk frocks, with picture hats and Gainsborough plumes, and carried huge bouquets of American Beauty roses. The bride, led by her uncle, Professor Goldwin Smith, who gave her away, wore a robe of exquisite white satin with some rare old lace, an heirloom in her family, and a beautiful lace veil which had also been worn by the groom's mother at her marriage. It is said that a bride always looks her best or worst in her wedding finery. The bride of Wednesday emphatically became the snowy satin and the delicate shrouding lace, and quiet happiness lent a sweetness to her face that no mere beauty of form or coloring alone can impart. She carried an immense bouquet of white roses tied with wide ribbons. After the ceremony and the signing of the marriage register, which was witnessed by the best man, Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, and the bridesmaid, Miss Homer Dixon, Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick came out to meet a smiling array of friendly faces, and amid the merry clamor of the wedding chimes from the lofty tower of old St. James', were driven to the Grange, where their wedding reception was given by Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. The beautiful Grange was flooded with late summer sunshine, and in every quiet corner of the historic house were flowers and the sound of the harpers' sweet music and the subdued tones of cultured voices, so different from the shrill gabble one often hears in a fashionable crowd. The bride and groom received in the drawing-room, where their friends found them quietly without announcement, and having offered good wishes, proceeded to seek out and greet His Honor, to view the many rare and handsome wedding presents, or to find cool and refreshing ices and sparkling champagne. The whole affair was marked by that quiet and hearty interest which distinguishes the gathering of friends from the assembly of promiscuous acquaintances or mere formal crushes. The beauty of the gowns was remarkable, some of them being very poems. Mrs. Goldwin Smith wore dove-gray brocade, with black lace and jet and a small bonnet with violets. Miss Crooks, a very becoming cream gown with navy blue velvet trimmings. Mrs. Nordheimer was in a dainty white silk, lightly striped with black and a tiny black bonnet. Mrs. Sweny wore a Dresden silk. Mrs. Buchanan wore heliotrope silk, and Mrs. Sullivan black silk and lace, with lace cape and princess bonnet. A strikingly beautiful gown was Mrs. MacMahon's, in cream and canary, a bolero slashed with the deeper shade, and a flower *toque*. Mrs. Eber Ward wore a lace bodice over white silk, a velvet skirt and a *toque* of lace and velvet. Mrs. Hodgins was in black, with touches of heliotrope. Miss Hodgins, all in Quaker-gray, with point lace over white silk and a very becoming white hat. Mrs. Cattanech wore a handsome green brocade with cream vest and a small bonnet of pink and green. Mrs. Tom Blackstock wore a magnificent dove-gray brocade and a large gray hat with ostrich plumes and a knot of deep pink flowers. Miss Beatty wore white and green foulard and an immense black hat with plumes; Miss Maude, a quiet, gray gown and a hat of black, touched with orange. Mrs. Lally McCarthy wore a pink, flowered bodice and black skirt, with a smart hat. Mrs. Blackstock Downey was a picture in a very pretty white silk gown, striped with pale blue and black, and trimmed with *chiffon* embroidered in black. Mrs. Redfern of Buffalo, handsome in any gown, wore pale pink *mon-selene de soie* over pink silk with vandykes of fine black lace. The members of the groom's family present were His Hon. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric. Mrs. Homer Dixon, stepmother of the bride, wore a rich silver gray brocade and gray bonnet to match, and her wee daughter, all in white with big Normandy bonnet, was very much interested in the marriage ceremony. When the bride appeared in her dainty little French Melton traveling gown and hat, and tossed her bouquet over the stair rail into the bevy of girls waiting below, she was greeted with a hail of white chrysanthemums, which followed her to the door, and were still falling thick upon her and the bridegroom as they drove away. The flowers are certainly a change for the better from the pelting rice, though, as three cheers rang out for the bride and groom as they stepped into their carriage, a good handful of the snowy grain was showered on them from some conservative friendly hand. Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick went across the

lines for a honeymoon, and on their return will reside in St. Patrick street.

Some of the guests at the wedding on Wednesday were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. J. G. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Miss Arthurs, Miss Elma Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. and Miss Gzowski, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. John Hagarty, Judge and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Miss Rose, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Major and Mrs. Hay, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Premier and Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Gibson of Hamilton, Mr. Mallock, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Colonel Biscoe, Captain and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ryckman, Mr. and the Misses Heward, Mr. Frank Cayley, Mr. Justice Burton and Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Cattanech, Mrs. Jarvis, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Porter, Mrs. Wilcott, Mr. W. Burritt, Mr. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle, Miss Hoyle, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Coldham, Miss Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Commander Law, the Misses Elmsley, Mr. Bert Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith, Miss Bethune Mr. Boddy, Mrs. Granville Cunningham, the Misses Todd and Mr. Roy Sweny.

Well attended was the dance at Center Island last Friday evening. The club house could have held more and been uncomfortable, so even absent ones helped on the pleasure of the dance. The thought that soon these weekly reunions of Island folk would be ended was not a pleasant one and seemed to be the only thing of its kind present. A "more than usual" crowd came over from the city, but many had only just left the Island and another sip of summer life was the more enjoyable. The dresses of the men—why not?—were like Jacob's memorable coat, and with a lovely freedom no particular style was adhered to. Many were in knickerbockers with stockings of all the oldest shades; others came in long trousers with coat and vest, just as if this were not an Island dance. There were striped coats of colors which had a voice, and whole suits of duck, white as the lighthouse when freshly painted. The youth *blase* was there and the elder one, wicked man, and the good sensible one who may have had the disease but have outgrown it. The engaged young man danced little, but sat on the cool balcony to see the fireworks away to the northwest, where the exhibition lights twinkled. His opposite—the fancy free—flitted from flower to flower; a different girl every for dance, one boasted, and the dear old married man who has passed through all stages was there just because his wife brought him, but he danced all the same and with others than his escort too. Careering through the crowd—comet-wise—went the boy who should have been in bed at home, but no one minded his presence except those with whom he collided. The orchestra, with its up-to-date airs, and the many United Statesers present show as much as anything the evolution of the Island dance from the simple little thing it was only a few years ago. Some of those present were: Mrs. Joe Beatty with her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan; Miss Gooderham, Miss Grace Cowan, Mrs. Burns, Miss McNaught, Miss Reid, Miss Birdie Boswell, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, Miss Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Lount, the Misses Stammers, Miss Olive Drayton and Miss Craig, a United States guest, and Messrs. Alley, Kerr, Muir, Wilson, O'Reilly, Reid, Patterson, Hees, Matthews, Archibald, McNaught.

Mrs. George Jarvis and her two sons have returned from Center Island, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Drayton has been spending a few weeks at Port Stanley, on the north shore of Lake Erie.

Mrs. Innis of London, England, formerly Miss Greet of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. C. C. Robb, College street.

I hear Mrs. FitzGerald and family, finding so much pleasantness at Cobourg, have decided to lengthen their stay there, and will not likely be back to town until some time near October.

One of the last of this season's entertainments, which might be called events, in club life, was held this week at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. I refer to the dinner given in honor of Mr. Herriek Duggan of Montreal. Surely a worthy man, victor in a worthy sport, whose health was drunk heartily, I hear, as was fitting.

The church on the corner of Simcoe and Caer Howell streets, occupied some four years ago by the Reformed Episcopalians and recently purchased by First Church of Christ Scientists, was reopened last Sunday, after being closed as usual during August. A large congregation was present. The month just closed has been one of great blessing to all, and each evinced the spirit of gratitude by being prepared to step into place at once. The services on Friday evenings and Sunday mornings continue as in the past.

Miss Z. Hare, B.A., is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Smith of Avenue road this week.

Mrs. J. R. Seymour of Vancouver, B.C., and Miss E. M. Seymour of Hagersville, Ont., are spending a few days with Mrs. Mercer Adam, 30 Grosvenor street.

The Tennis Tournament at the Athletic Club was brought to a close on Wednesday, the winner of the championship being Mr. Fischer. It is an open secret that the day of the tennis craze is over, and only its firmest devotees are now proof against the rival claims of golf and cycling, which have for the time ousted the

splendid game of tennis. Even the mild game of croquet has its little revival along with the quaint and old-fashioned *modos* of the earlier half of the century. Croquet as she is now played, with very small hoops and many restricting rules, is different from the broad and easy way of our parents and aunts, when players grew so expert that it was a common thing to see the last starter make a tour of the lawn, by the aid of lucky shots and luckless friend's "and opponents' balls, without even stopping for a shandygaff.

Cheering news comes from Sir Casimir Gzowski, whose severe illness caused so much anxiety. It is hoped that he and Lady Gzowski may be able to return as arranged, the end of this month.

Mrs. Morrow writes that she will soon be home. Mr. Morrow's health is happily quite restored, and both Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and Mrs. Eber Ward will be at the big house in Carlton street for the coming season. After a visit to the grandchildren at Chimay, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow will sail for America.

Miss Gzowski has returned from the East, where she has been visiting friends.

The little twin sons of Major and Mrs. J. D. Hay were christened last Sunday at St. Andrew's, and are not Primus and Secundus any longer, but Robert and John Strathearn.

Misses Tina and Maud Hendrie and Mr. Will Hendrie took in the Fair last week. Miss Anne Hendrie, who has been for a long sojourn in Paris, is at present with Mrs. Braethwaite in London, and has a welcome awaiting her when she returns to Canada.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Alfred D. Benjamin cordially welcome her back to Toronto after her four months' tour in Europe. Bexhill's balmy sea breezes seem to have invigorated her and her three children. Five-year-old Master Jack has become quite a little man and assumes all the airs and graces of a Jubilee "masher."

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was not at all the worse for his afternoon at the marriage of his son, and his improvement in health will it is hoped go on from good to better.

Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore will receive on Mondays (except last Monday) instead of Wednesdays this winter. Monday is the day almost invariably chosen for East side visits in the region east of Church street, and the hostesses who have clung to other days are one by one adopting it.

Mrs. Granville Cunningham is visiting Mrs. George Dawson in College street.

Mrs. Malcolm Kent of London is visiting her sister, Mrs. Coady, in Huron street.

Mrs. J. E. Graham gave a tea yesterday, inviting her friends to meet Dr. and Mrs. Stephen McKenzie of London, Eng.

Miss Dewey of Toledo is visiting Mrs. G. Allan Case. Miss Dewey, who was, through a tragic accident, deprived of her sight some little time ago, is a very sweet and interesting girl, well known in Toledo.

Dr. and Miss Beacock of Brockville, Mrs. Robins of Montreal, and Miss Kate Renolds of Guelph are guests of Mrs. Beswetherick, 270 Seaton street.

Mrs. L. H. Carlyle, Memphis, Tenn., is spending a few weeks in town, a guest at 28 Grosvenor street. Mrs. Carlyle also spent a few very pleasant weeks at Rosseau, Muskoka.

The 48th Highlanders will hold their annual military entertainment at the Armouries on October 22. They had originally fixed upon an earlier date, but so as not to interfere with the combined band concert on the 11th they have decided upon a later date.

An event which was of more than ordinary interest to the people of Colborne took place in that town on Wednesday, September 1, when Janet H. (Nettie), only daughter of Mrs. J. D. Rutherford, was united in marriage to Mr. H. J. Mayhew. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. P. Duncan of the Presbyterian church, assisted by Rev. T. Watson, took place in front of a high bank of sweet peas and carnations, while suspended over the bridal party was a large horse-shoe of white roses and maiden hair ferns. The floral decorations were very elaborate, the large drawing-room being a perfect bower of beauty. The bride's gown was of white satin, while the bridesmaid, Miss Frank Lawrence of Campbellford, wore a dainty gown of white India silk with trimmings of *chiffon*. Little Miss Maude Mayhew of Renfrew, the pretty maid of honor, wore a frock of white Swiss muslin over buttercup silk, and carried a large basket of golden rod. To Mr. W. E. Mayhew, brother of the groom, fell the honor of being best man. The gifts were more than ordinarily beautiful and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew left by the G. T. R. for an extended trip west, and will after their return reside in Colborne.

Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, son of Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, is taking a course at Stanley Barracks.

A popular young doctor of College street, report has it, has lost his heart to a fair and *petite* United Stateser. A swell wedding in a southern city is expected this winter.

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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The Fair of 1897 is over. We have seen its varied attractions and amusements, never more enjoyable than on that queer warm day last Monday, when the heart of summer seemed upon the busy scene, the sunlit, seething mass of holiday-makers, and when a perfect evening, moonlight bland and balmy, was the crowning pleasure of a lovely day. Never before has such a crowd visited the Fair. Labor Day discounted even Li Hung Chang. Grave faces smiled, laughed, grinned even, at the absurdities of the patent whistle ventriloquist, the riotous career of the mountain tour merry-go-round, which screeched in a most satisfactory manner the sentiment of the human being determined to use carmine paint upon the city. When dusk settled down over the restless multitude and one by one the myriad jets flashed and glowed, one by one the fairy-like electric bulbs cast their tempered light over arch and tower, in red and amber and blue, then was Exhibition Park a charming place wherein to stroll and gaze, or to fly noiselessly about on the bicycle. The glory of the road was the fine spick and span jaunting car, from Irish Mahr's stables, driven by a handsome jarvey, and carrying many a happy quartette. Many are the funny happenings of the Exhibition. They tell of a gushing dame who tried to imprint a motherly kiss upon the face of one of the famous midgets, but was appalled by one scandalized and indignant word "Madam!" from the wee mannie of twenty-three. And there were a country bride and groom who took their wedding tour on the glorious merry-go-round, holding hands in excitement and breathlessness. There were no high dives, nor trapezes, nor the visions in tights which charmed the crowd last year; and the Jubilee procession, however true to the original it may have been, was decidedly slow. In fact, while there may be some to whom its decorum and absence of go were acceptable, there were many who found it a bore. "You've got Sunday cars; you can do without a ballet this year," said one of the spectators. And we were thankfully silent. The directors were the soul of hospitality and their prettily decorated dinner and supper tables were always full. The ladies of the press in Toronto are especially grateful for kind attentions, but to them the Exhibition people are invariably most generous and considerate. The music was good; the city bands and that sweet octette of Hungarians gave us lots of it. It was a shame to waste the sweet Zegeuner strains of the latter in the babel of the Main Building, when only a few could get within hearing, and those were disturbed by the imbecile whistle of fake peddlers and the gabble of the crowds of wandering Willies and their companions who pushed to and fro. It seems to me that the permitting of fake peddlers, candy booths and tea advertising pavilions in this building is a mammoth mistake, and I should like to hear what the manufacturers of Toronto and other parts think about it. The beautiful exhibit of Ryrie Bros. was a great attraction and deserved all the praise it got. But the main attraction for city visitors is the crowd—the gawking, restless, aimless, wandering crowd; see-sawing in the topsy-turvy teeter-swings that make one sea-sick to look at; strolling hand in hand about the fat kine; picnicking in groups and circles on the lawns; cosily spooning *tete-a-tete* on the lake shore; chivving children or grabbing at cards; crowding around the doughnut stand, or crushing themselves at the grand stand turnstiles; it was always enchanting—the crowd! By the way, there should be scores and scores of benches down the lake front. I heard lots of grumbling at the lack of seats, and maybe we shall see some next year. They're needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith have rented Mr. James Murray's pretty residence in East Rose-dale and will take up residence there at once.

On Monday morning a very congenial party went out on the Hiawatha to follow the yacht race at ten o'clock, and steamed about till after one. The day being of midsummer heat the outing on the water was delightful and everyone enjoyed it exceedingly. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Herriek Duggan, the vice-president of the Montreal Yacht Club, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Emilius Jarvis, Mr. James Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kertland and several others.

Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and Miss Hazel Sheppard left Thursday for Prince Edward Island to attend the wedding of Mr. Horace Roberts and Miss Lefursey. Miss Sheppard is to be one of the bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker and their popular young people are not to leave Toronto after all, as Mr. Barker has preferred superannuation by the P. O. authorities to accepting the Western Inspectorship, which was to take him from this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman were guests at the Laurier reception in Quebec on Saturday last, when Lady Laurier was presented by the citizens of Quebec with a magnificent Gerhard Heintzman Boudoir Grand piano.

Mr. F. G. Bowers, late headmaster of Queen's College, Nassau, N.P., has come to live in Toronto and intends taking private pupils. Mr. Bowers is a graduate of Oxford in honors, and holds the teacher's diploma in shorthand of the National Phonographic Society of England.

What audiences have held down the seats in the theaters this and last week! Hanlon's Superba has been a great card at the Princess, where crowds of delighted country cousins have roared over the peculiarities of Pierrot's farming experiences. Mr. Hanlon himself superintends the production of the evergreen extravaganza and is the same dear old man as ever, though old is not exactly the best adjective to describe his energetic personality. The colors of the costumes of the French guards and their *vivandieres*, and the oriental costumes of the dancing girls, are lovely. The new shade, burnt orange, is peculiarly brilliant and at the same time delicate.

Mr. Leonce de Monticourt Melles left last Saturday by special for Buffalo to reach New York in time for an engagement which cut short his visit and disappointed many hostesses

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Cardsdirect from copper-plate. Only
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Archer's Cream, for removing wrinkles, freckles, pimples, blackheads, sunburn. Both articles guaranteed. Price 50c. each. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by The Archer Toilet Specific Co., Limited, 2 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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Make your trip on the boat a double pleasure by taking along one of our Special Lunches put up in a box.

Geo. S. McConkey

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and pleasant circles for every sort of little hospitality such as Toronto is ever kindly ready to offer to clever visitors. It is hoped it may not be long before Mr. Melles returns, when his welcome will meet him.

Mrs. Charles Fleming of Streatham House, and her sons, returned to Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Mr. Aleck Garrett were Hamilton visitors at the Fair last Saturday.

Some of the most bewitching bonnets are now in the cases at Stitt's. The bonnet of 1890 is a witch indeed, and goes with the quaint pelerines and flounce narrow in front and deep behind, which a few smart women have been

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We have just received a few cases of them from Paris. They are choice—surprisingly low in price, too, and make rare wedding gifts.

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Jewelers

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts., Toronto

wearing. A dream of a hat in pale gray velvet with two great wide gray ostrich feathers and a couple of vivid cerise flowers is the prettiest, though a black and white one runs it close. Both have been chosen by two of the smartest women in town for autumn chapeaux.

An engagement which has long been loudly denied will shortly be announced.

The opening ceremonies of the new Jewish synagogue in Bond street take place next Wednesday.

The following guests were registered at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka, during the past two weeks: Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Drayton, Mr. J. Gordon Mackay, Mrs. Fuller, Messrs. W. R. Morson, J. N. Gordon, A. G. C. Dinnick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Rankin, Miss Henrietta Shippe, Mrs. E. Farrer, Right Rev. Bishop Sullivan, the Misses Harris of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carling, Master K. Hammond of London; Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, Lady Wilson, Lord Lister, Hon. Arthur Lister, Hon. Miss Lister, Hon. Miss G. Lister, Prof. and Mrs. Crookshank, Prof. and Mrs. Halliburton, Messrs. A. G. Greenhill, Hubert L. Cope, D. W. Hemming, John Forbes of London, Eng.; Miss Pim of Dublin, Mr. C. A. Rayne of Lancaster, Eng.; Prof. W. H. Thompson Miss E. S. Boyd of Belfast, Ireland; Miss Jagoe of Baltimore, Messrs. Charles M. Hayes, G. B. Reeves, and Joseph Hobson of Montreal; Viscount and Viscountess Hill of Hawkstone, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Harris, the Misses Harris of Clarkson, Ont.; Mrs. Cox of Paris, Ont.; Miss M. Draper of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. I. Henkel of Philadelphia, Messrs. W. I. Harrington and F. E. Heyd of Brantford; Mr. J. E. Gordon, M.P., Island of Madeira; Dr. and Mrs. I. H. P. Hodgson, Miss Eusley Hodgson, Messrs. H. G. Peacock and L. F. Leonard of New York City; Messrs. E. C. Bull of Buffalo and Jean Habel of Berlin, Germany; Miss G. A. Barnett of Sutton, Surrey, Eng.; Mrs. Frank S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morton of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Angus Kirkland, the new manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Mrs. Kirkland have arrived from Winnipeg and are *en pension* at Mrs. Lawlor's, Frewen House, 7 Queen's Park, till they get a house.

Mons. and Mme. Deletang and Mons. Bresard of Paris, France, are stopping at Frewen House, 7 Queen's Park. The former are on their wedding tour, and with a number of other Parisians are traveling in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fearman came down from Hamilton on Wednesday for a day at the Fair. That was a wicked ogle in the Brownies last week who announced his frightful crew as our friends from Hamilton, and the joke didn't create the uproarious hilarity expected. In fact, our friends from Hamilton are very welcome additions to the most fastidious circles, while as for style, we can sit at their feet!

Mrs. Charles F. Smallpeice will receive on the third and fourth Thursdays of the month at 91 Spencer avenue.

Mrs. Carlyle Johnstone of College street is under the care of a celebrated aurist at Chicago.

Next Thursday will see a great turnout of fine frocks, and some exquisite gowns which will give a treat to the gazers will be worn by persons outside the bridal party. Everyone is perforce on the *qui vive* for this the first of the three show weddings of the end of the year.

The tennis dance which was to have been held at the Athletic Club last Monday evening was given up. People declined to take an interest in dancing while the mercury climbed, and the affair was most wisely postponed.

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Bath Sponge—A good one for 25c.
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In the Moorish Room.

London Daily Mail.

THE Italian orchestra was playing a waltz, though very few of the people dining in the Hotel Regent were aware of it; it was simply one more of the subtle ingredients that go to make dining something more than the satisfying of appetite.

The waltz was a familiar one, yet a nameless thing to hundreds of people who had danced to it, whistled it, hummed it, but knew not whence it came or even how to designate it, though it had become a part of their being in the impressions it had wrought upon them.

Mrs. Wilfred Hope, dining at one table with Allen King and her aunt and cousins, the Duncans, with whom she was stopping at the hotel, was woefully conscious of it. Mr. Wilfred Hope, dining several tables away, half shut from view by a big palm, was entirely oblivious of it, and yet these two people had, only one short year ago, been radiantly floating about to its bewitching music. But they had been separated now for six months. It was not a new story—a case of great beauty and love of admiration on one side and unreasoning jealousy on the other, with a large admixture of family interference to keep things seething. So the two had agreed to separate, though now in their calm moments probably neither could see any reason for the step.

She had not yet grown quite used to meeting him about; her heart still underwent an uncomfortable flutter whenever she first caught sight of him. But she never dreamed that chance would ever bring them beneath

When dinner was over she had to pass quite close to him in going out, but she kept on brightly talking to Allen beside her, and Wilfred and the two men with him were as elaborately unconscious of her presence.

She rarely passed through a room, however, without a little murmur of admiration following her. This was very noticeable to-night. She wore a perfectly plain black velvet frock, which set off well the grace of her slender figure and the whiteness of her skin. Wilfred heard it, and it cut him, but he gave no sign that he was conscious of it.

After dinner they lingered awhile in the Moorish room, the aunt and cousins commenting on the people wandering up and down the corridor and through the rooms, while Allen talked commonplaces to Mrs. Wilfred. She wearied of this after a while, and went over to one of the little carved desks to write a note that she wished to send that evening. When she had finished she sat with it still before her, leaning her head on her hand as if in deep thought. Wilfred had just come into the hall. As she caught sight of him she impulsively drew another sheet of paper from the desk, tore it in half, wrote three lines, and folded the paper into a narrow slip, then she went back to the others, taking a seat beside her aunt on a red canopied divan near the corridor.

"Wouldn't you care to stroll for an hour?" Allen asked, leaning over her. Wilfred was standing in the doorway talking with some friends. For a moment she caught his eyes upon her, then she looked smilingly up at Allen.



"She took in the two men who were with him."

the same roof again, except for a brief period. And yet here they were both staying at the Hotel Regent, Naples.

To-night she had seen him the moment she had entered the dining-room, and at a glance had taken in who the two men were with him. Since that moment she had devoted herself to being as entertaining as she knew how to be to her own little party, and had not looked over in his direction until they began to play the familiar waltz. It was exquisitely played, and it saddened her.

For she remembered quite well how often they had danced together to it before she even knew that he cared, and afterwards when she was perfectly happy. She glanced half-involuntarily toward him; fortunately Allen King was telling a long story to her aunt. She could see only one of Wilfred's broad shoulders, and but one side of his head with its crinkly fair hair which had been the despair of them both; for him because it would curl in spite of all he could do to prevent it, and for her because her own would not.

He was a distinguished looking man, and looking at him now she felt that she could never be ashamed that she had once cared for him and that he had been proud of her.

She stole another glance at him and gave a little exclamation of dismay, which she strove to hide with a cough. Allen King broke off his story to turn anxiously to her with "You have not caught fresh cold, have you?"

She colored under his keen glance, and somewhat nervously assured him that she did not think so. For an instant more he kept his eyes questioning on her, wondering why the blood had so suddenly rushed to her face, and then went on with his story.

The waiter at the other table had been refilling the glasses with Burgundy, handing it as tenderly as an infant in its little wicker cradle. Now, Burgundy was absolutely forbidden to Mr. Wilfred Hope, on account of his gouty tendencies; but at the moment his wife had glanced in his direction she had seen him deliberately waiting for his glass to be filled, and a second look had found him calmly sipping it—she well knew with what satisfaction. She also knew in what torture he would regret it. Only thirty, he had inherited this painful legacy from his grandfather, who had also bestowed on him his fortune, and, in return for both, Wilfred's feelings towards that relative were not of unmixed gratitude.

During their short married life his gout had been almost banished by the simple outdoor life he had led, and which she, sharing his love of sports, had enjoyed with him. Port and Burgundy, *entrees* and *pates*, were "not dreamed of in their philosophy," and now tears would rush to her eyes, no matter how she strove to keep them back, and her hand shook a little as she tried to chip off a bit of the misty pink ice on her plate, while she thought how foolhardy he had become without her.

"I should love to," she answered, "if Aunt Mary likes." Aunt Mary liked, so they all rose to go. Wilfred was standing in the doorway still, and Mrs. Duncan, having become aware of it, majestically led their exit through the opposite one; Mrs. Wilfred, before following, however, passed one more guilty look in his direction, and thrust the bit of paper she still held between the upholstered arm and seat of the divan.

A cold shiver undulated down Wilfred's spine as he watched the departure. He rubbed his hand confusedly across his brow. He could not take in what was being said to him. Anger, jealousy, a sense of humiliation, even pity, surged through him. Pity that she had so degenerated in the short time they had been apart, as to stoop to what he believed he had seen with his own eyes, and the idiot had not even had the sense to find the note she had left there.

Wilfred had not tried to fool himself into the belief that he no longer cared, though he had grown somewhat used to the pain of being without her; but the thought that she should feel no longer bound to honor him, that she should stoop from the gentle dignity that he had always loved in her, to intrigue, however innocent it might prove, with another man, was more terrible to him than any sorrow he had yet known.

As he grew calmer the thought occurred to him that the note was still in the room where she had left it. What if some one discovered it? He crossed the Turkish room, which was now almost deserted. He sat down on the divan as if waiting for some one, and leaning wearily back, slipped his hand beneath the upholstered cushion. He was shaking with nervous tension, and his fingers trembled weakly as they found the folded bit of paper they were seeking.

His palm crushed over it, and his heart beat faster as at last he drew it out in his clenched hand. His first impulse was to tear the paper into bits. He had not come for it to spy upon her, only to save her from herself. What folly had she written? Perhaps none; perhaps it was merely a bit of paper with some message upon it that had been handed to her. She was still his wife, he argued, and he had a right to know—he must know if he were doing her an injustice. He opened the paper and looked.

"DEAR BILLIE,—I saw you drinking Burgundy to-night. Have you gone mad? Please don't do it again."

He could have laughed for joy; but he did not, and instead, two great tears blurred the little paper in his hand. She was tender and good, as she had always been.

He gazed triumphantly around. Never before had the room appeared so exquisitely beautiful. In front of him was the statue of a saucy Arab girl, with her back to him. She seemed to be laughing at him. Well, she had a right to—every one had—for a born fool. He

read the scrap again. It was just like her. She always called him Billie when she was trying to persuade him into anything. He folded it tenderly and put it into his breast pocket. Should he write her a letter? No; the Duncans might see it, and then there would be more comment and interference. A bright idea struck him. She would surely come and look to see if he had found the note. He would put another in its place. And he did.

"DEAR ETHEL,—I will give up Burgundy if you will write me another line."

She found it the next morning. She laughed a little and put it in her glove. She was going out, but she stopped a moment to write an answer.

"DEAR BILLIE,—Of course I cannot be indifferent to your taking care of yourself, so please do, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

He found it that night in the divan, but had no glimpse of her. So he wrote another note:

"DEAR ETHEL,—What is the use of taking care of one's self with nothing in life worth looking forward to?"

It frightened her a little when she found this. She did not know quite where she was drifting now, after all the desperate misery before and following their separation, but there was something deliciously absurd in the whole affair at present—this surreptitious writing to her own husband with a divan for a letter-box and her aunt and cousins for dragons.

She did not answer this last note, but when she wandered into the Turkish room the next morning she found another awaiting her.

"DEAR ETHEL,—This will be a good-bye. I cannot stand it any longer. I am going to sail for England or South America or somewhere, on Saturday."

She had taken the note into her own room to read after drawing it from its hiding place, and she slipped into a chair and tried to steady herself and think just what it meant to her.

Billie in England or South America, and she dragging dismally along with her aunt; in a false position, every act criticised, and nothing better to hope for in the future. Billie thousands of miles away, perhaps ill—she sprang up, she could not stand it. Oh! if he would only ask her to go with him, if she were only sure he wanted her. So she wrote:

"DEAR BILLIE,—I want to say good-bye to you. I cannot have you go away without that."

It was Thursday. She found his answer that same night.

"DEAR ETHEL,—Try me once more, and come with me."

She sent the following to him by one of the hotel servants, she was so afraid to trust it to the divan:

"DEAR BILLIE,—I will come; but I shall have to run away from Aunt Mary. I don't dare to face her. Tell me how I can come to you."

He sent his answer by a waiter.

"DEAR ETHEL,—Take your relatives, all of them, out this evening; let your maid pack your trunks, and I will see that they go aboard to-night. The steamer sails at ten; but if you will not mind an early breakfast, I will be in the Moorish room at seven.—Your husband, Wilfred."

When she found him waiting for her at seven he was the only one in the room. He was looking out of one of the windows, but he heard her step and turned quickly to meet her.

She put out her hand, but he only took it to draw her near and kiss her. "Are you all ready?"

She nodded; she could not speak. Her lips quivered a little, and yet she laughed as he hurried her into his cab at the door.

"I feel as if I were doing something dreadful," she said at last. "I have written to aunt, explaining as best I could, but I am afraid she will not understand."

"She won't have to," he answered gaily. They were on the way to the harbor by this time. "I understand, though; I know what an idiot I have been. I understand what I came very near losing. But I am glad I understood in time."

Mrs. Duncan left town for Milan the same evening. She volunteered the information to several friends that Ethel had suddenly decided to go home, but nothing further; and those who had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Hope were sailing in the same steamer wondered audibly if it were an unpleasant accident, or if their families had brought about a reconciliation.

Ready to Work.

Two wayside pilgrims were discussing the corrupt practices of modern politicians.

"Raggy," said of them, "you don't hanker after a gov't job, do ye?"

"I don't mind sayin' I'd take one if I could git it, Shabbaloo," responded the other, "but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages."

"An' wot sort o' job would be about your size?"

"Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens fur some assistant secretary o' the treasury."

Where Will You Spend . . .

. . . Your Winter Vacation?

Why not take a run down to OLD MEXICO? All of the novelty of a trip to the Old World; something new at every turn. The City of Mexico is now a recognized Winter Resort. The average temperature during the winter months is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Fine shady bicycle roads to historic points of interest hundreds of years old.

Modern hotels and a fresh bracing atmosphere, where you can sleep under a blanket and wear a light overcoat every night in the year. We give you two dollars for one when you cross the border and you can pay your expenses in Mexican money. Cheaper than staying at home.

Those having an eye to business will find good opportunities for investments. The MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD, "Laredo Route," is the shortest and quickest passing through the most important cities and the grandest scenery in the world. Pullman Buffet cars on all through trains.

Ask for tickets, Tourist Guides and Time-tables via the "Laredo Route," W. E. Thurber, General Western Agent, 230 Quincy Building, Chicago, Ill. W. F. Paton, General Eastern Agent, 333 Broadway, New York City. B. W. Thacher, G. P. A., Colonia Station, City of Mexico.

Sunday School Teacher—What have we to do before we can be forgiven? Dolly—We must be naughty first.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Here is a pigeon so finely roasted it cries 'Come eat me.'"

—Swift

And the fragrant smell of "SALADA" Ceylon Tea when it's on the table cries "Come drink me."

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Is sold only in lead packets. Beware of the many imitations in the so-called "Ceylon" Teas packed in lead to imitate "SALADA." 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c. per pound.

A Thresher's Life.

One of Exposure to Inclement and Changeable Weather.

He Easily Falls a Prey to Disease—Rheumatism One of the Natural Results—One Who Suffered for Upwards of Nine Years Gives His Experience.

From the *Intelligencer*, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the thresher. Exposed to the rains and storms of the autumn season, and at the same time choked with the dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease. Mr. Jos. H. Davis, a resident of the township of Wicklow, Hastings county, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall. For eight or nine years he was subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The disease usually made its appearance in the fall, and continued throughout the winter, causing not only much suffering but great inconvenience. Mr. Davis's most serious attack occurred during the winter of 1893. It first made itself manifest by the swelling of the right hand, and before twenty-four hours had passed, the disease appeared to have gone through the whole system, and the legs were swollen to an abnormal size, so much so that the joints were not visible through the swellings. For ten months the trouble continued and during that period Mr. Davis was unable to put on his own clothes, and the pain he endured almost passed comprehension. One doctor after another was tried but without any beneficial results. Then advertised medicines were tried but with no better success. "I can hardly say," said Mr. Davis, "how much money I spent on doctors and medicine, but it amounted to a considerable sum, and yet I would most willingly have given my farm to be rid of the terrible pain I was forced to endure. But all my expenditures seemed of no avail, and I began to despair of a cure. At this juncture, acting on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first six boxes I used seemed from outward appearances to have had no effect; and I felt almost like giving up in despair. I thought, however, that possibly that was not a fair trial for one in my condition and I procured a further supply. By the time I had used three boxes more there was a considerable improvement noticeable, and from that out each day found me growing better. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eighteen boxes by which time every vestige of the pain had left me, and I was feeling in every respect a new man. I believe, too, that the cure is permanent for I have not known what it is to suffer with rheumatism since."

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful thrall of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and other medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief. It is obvious therefore that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they are sure to bring relief and a cure. Every box of the genuine Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Some Rabbinical Apothegms.

From the Talmud.

He who wishes to give but would not have others give, grudges their merit. He who wishes others to give, but gives nothing himself is avaricious. Who gives and wishes others to give also, is truly pious.

Pride is an idolator. He who assists by lending to the poor is nobler and better than he who gives alms to them.

Hospitality is an important part of reverence for God.

There are very few who give much unwillingly.

ingly. But there are very many who give a little with the best of will.

He that has no wife has nothing good. He has neither joy, blessing, stay nor peace.

God guard thee from that which is worse than death. What is worse than death? A wicked wife!

It is a law of peace and a duty to support the poor of other nations together with the poor of Israel, and to assist their sick and bury their dead as well.

Wisdom which lives for itself alone is like the myrtle in the desert; it delights no one.

As the wine goes in the secret comes out.

Position honors no man; the man should shed glory upon the position.

Silence, which is becoming to the wise, is all the more needed by the fool.

Be more ashamed in thine own presence than before others.

The greater the man the greater his passion.

He that hath acquired wisdom, what does he lack? He that lacketh understanding, what has he acquired?

If two men quarrel together, the first one that is silent is sure of a noble family.

The blind has no shame.

Heart and eye are two mediators with sin.

The Puny and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy if you would give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

First tramp—Haw! haw! I've won a bet I made with me friend, Beery Bill. He gave me odds of two to one he wouldn't do ten days' work inside of a year. Second tramp—What's he been a-doin'! First tramp—It says here he's been sent up for six months at hard labor.—Puck.

Thorns with Roses

are like the handsome face with disfigured teeth. Nature never intended your teeth to be subjected to the gritty, acid chemicals in many preparations for the teeth. You should care for

Your Teeth

as you would for your eyes. Good teeth means beauty, comfort, health and a proper enjoyment of life. Sound white, permanent and

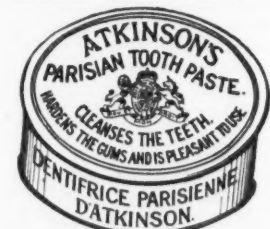
Beautiful Teeth

are best preserved by the scientific, antiseptic and elegant tooth wash—

Ivoirie Tooth Wash

Most specially esteemed in summer. Just try it—25c. is all druggists ask for it.

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BEST AND SAFEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities, for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indigestion in diet.

"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."

"The prototype of all Bitter Waters." "Absolutely constant in composition."

—Lancet.

ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

CAUTION: See that the label bears the signature of the firm Andreas Saxlehner.

Iron and Brass Beds Children's Cots

ALL KINDS OF SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES

LOWEST PRICES. AT THE NEW WAREROOMS OF

The SCHOMBERG FURNITURE CO.

651-653 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Department Stores.

PEOPLE are pretty well agreed that department stores do a lot of injury to certain classes, but many think that they are beyond the reach of injury. A careful examination of the evil in all its ramifications will reveal the fact that these stores aim at a complete seizure of everything that is good and profitable in business from importing to retailing, and from growing to manufacturing, and that even the laborer who goes to work every morning with his dinner-pail now enjoys something that these all-gobbling institutions see and covet. Those who are manufacturers on a large scale say that they cannot be injured. A little leaflet just published by Dudgeon & Thornton, 103 Adelaide street east, Toronto, contains the following taken from a United States newspaper:

On the banks of the Ohio, in the vicinity of the historic Blennerhassett Island, the ruins of an enormous pottery stand. The buildings once covered many acres and the village near was the home of prosperous artisans. A few years ago this spot teemed with activity. Commercial travelers sent out by the establishment visited every city in the country as well as many in foreign lands. What ruined the business, leaving a plant worth several hundreds of thousands of dollars to rust and decay? Was it mismanagement? Yes; but of so new a novel a character that the shrewdest business men of the time mistook the shadow for the substance.

On a morning long to be remembered there appeared at the office of the factory a representative of the department store business. To the management he said: "Count up the cost of your commercial travelers, the expense of bookkeepers, packers, collectors, your credit man; interest on bank discounts—in fact, the expenses of your entire business as now conducted, and compare it with selling the output of the pottery to us for spot cash." It was an enticing offer. The deal was consummated—the discharge of various faithful employees, including all the traveling salesmen, was one of the first results. The established trade of the factory drifted away to other people, and the owners soon found themselves completely at the mercy of the tigers, who then began to dictate terms as to prices. Realizing the dependency of their workmen—for they were humane—and the necessity of keeping the works running to prevent deterioration, the proprietors yielded one point after another until there was no profit in the business. Alarmed at the situation, they endeavored to re-obtain former customers, but found that the course pursued by them had greatly reduced the profits of all engaged in the same line. That those potteries only most favorably situated both as to supplies and transportation were making any dividends. Crowding the latter, they obtained rates against which the first could not compete, though the difference was so infinitesimal that under former methods of business it would have been a matter of no importance. The factory was forced to stop; the plant a loss to its owners, and the workmen, many of them well advanced in years, told to shift for themselves. What stock there was left on hand was purchased by department stores at about fifty per cent. of the cost of production; the office shutters were put up never again to be taken down, and Nature resumed its sway in that locality as completely as it had before the discovery of the continent.

The Rehearsal.

THE shadow of a huge cathedral was cut into three chunks by belts of electric light. High up, where the light struck it, could be seen the heads of huge men working behind the tower of the pile. These men were performing the tasks of Titans. They were arranging great pieces of masonry, swinging immense sledges in one hand and moving great beams half the height of the structure itself, as if they were mere pieces of scantling. Down at the base of the building, in the belts of light, could be seen an immense concourse of people, strangely dressed people, farther away than they looked. There was a confused murmur in the darkness, especially so at the east end of the shadow. Presently could be heard a voice, high-pitched and commanding. Then came from around the east corner of the edifice the call of a bugle. It was repeated; and again repeated. Big happenings loomed in the murky air.

Around the corner of the majestic, shadowy pile was a blinding glare from another electric lamp. Congregated in and on the edge of the space commanded by its rays was a crowd of men and women. Some of the former were in the scarlet uniforms of soldiery, but most wore the plain citizen's dress, sombre and nondescript. Presently out into a bright open patch of electric light strode a figure erect and commanding. For a moment he glanced around him proudly as if all these people were his. Then he put a whistle to his lips and blew a blast like that of a conch-shell. Instantly the slight murmuring in the crowd ceased.

"Beef Heaters," he cried. It was the same commanding voice. "Here," said a voice from the crowd.

"Take up your station in section one." Two figures emerged from the crowd and, stumbling across the uneven ground, disappeared somewhere into the darkness.

"Cape Town Rifles!"

"Here."

"You follow after the Beef Heaters." Four youths stumbled after the Beef Eaters. "Rhodesian 'Orse."

"Present."

"Well, you're next. Now mind, don't let me catch you crowdin' of the Dook of Connaught."

A red-coat appeared and disappeared, evidently the Rhodesian 'Orse.

"Next the Bengal Lancers—where are you?"

"Here I am."

"Well, follow the Rhodesian 'Orse. Now section one is the Colonial contingent, and I don't want you fellows to forget to preserve the intervals between yez. Now section two. Naval Brigade."

"Here."

"Well, get out of there quick as you know 'ow. State Guards next. 'Ighlanders follow the Guards, but remember the Twenty Foreign Notables is got to come in between yez."

Rapidly he placed his men in position. Then he blew his conch-shell again.

"When I say section one, two, three, four—you stay where you are. [This to a member of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles who was running across to borrow a chew of tobacco from the Rhodesian 'Orse.] When I say section one, two, three or four, you come on. Now, are you all ready—forward!"

Instantly somebody hit a bass drum a welt, an invisible hand struck up, and section one moved out of the light, down the long shadow

of the cathedral, with the commander at the head.

"Cheer, can't you? Open your mouths and give three cheers like I told you."

At the word of command, from the blackest part of the shadow there came three rapturous cheers, male and female voices mixed. Then could be seen dimly a multitude of faces and waving handkerchiefs.

The Colonial contingent marched bravely past, the Household troops with the bag-pipes, and the rest of sections two, three and four. Then there was a pause. Suddenly the whole dim concourse burst out into the hymn Old Hundred. This was followed by the wildest cheers. Then came two pompous red-coats.

"Now you hold back there. Can't you see you're crowdin' on the Queen's kerriage? (The Queen's carriage had been left to their imagination). There, that will do. And now come down to the other end, you people, after the 'march past,' and I'll give you your tickets."

In a little while from around the corner of the canvas cathedral, snatches in the same commanding strident tones came floating down to where the Titan carpenters worked high on their scaffolds.

"Twenty Notables next; confound you, get in line. The Bishops didn't crowd like that. The Two Servants—The Duke of York—The Country Girls and Maids—mind, you've got to take off every stitch, stockings and all—the Two Queens—to be here at five-thirty on Monday."

It was the undress rehearsal of the great spectacular triumph, Victorian Diamond Jubilee Procession and Ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral, now being given at Toronto's great Industrial Fair with appropriate fireworks.



"Best—Dest."



"Dusted—Busted."



"They Stay Put."

Youth's Companion.

The uncertainties of human nature make any kind of business precarious that depends upon it. "I can fit people's bodies easy enough," said a wise tailor once, "but it takes pretty close trimming sometimes to fit their minds."

The old man in a familiar story of Mount Desert was also aware of the truth expressed in this saying. He was asked by a summer visitor, "How in the world do you manage to make a living here?"

"Waal," said the native, "there ain't anything much to make 'round here, now that's a fact. But ye see, in winter I haul logs, and in summer I haul mealeers, and 'twixt them two I manage to scrape along somehow."

"Mealeers?" said the visitor, "what are they?"

"Why, mealeers is folks that live in cottages and hain't got strength enough to walk a rod and have to be kerried to the hotels for their meals."

"Oh. And which do you like the better—hauling logs or hauling mealeers?"

"Waal, I dunno. Logs is harder to h'ist—there ain't no two ways about that. But when you get 'em h'isted, there they be! I guess I'd a little rather haul logs, o' the two!"

This commentary on the flighty ways of city visitors in the country expressed more than volumes could.

A True Charity.

Detroit Free Press.

"Papa," said the ice baron's beautiful daughter, "mamma and I want \$5,000 for charitable purposes. Can you let us have it?"

"I suppose so, my dear," said the indulgent parent, "but isn't that quite a large sum for charity? What disposition do you intend to make of it?"

"You remember," said the fair girl, "the younger son of that English duke who will inherit the title and estates of his father, and who was so attentive to me last summer?"

"I do," said the ice baron. "Is he trying to borrow money already?"

"No, indeed; he has returned home without proposing, and mamma and I have decided to go to a summer resort for the purpose of securing another."

"And where does the charity come in?"

"Oh, the money, you know, is to be used as a fresh heir fund."

Certainly.

Chicago Tribune.

In the absence of the regular golf editor the following question from a beginner was referred to the turf editor for an answer: "In a game of golf is it right to fuzzle your put, or is it better to fether on the tee?" The turf editor set his teeth firmly, stared hard at the wall in front of him a few moments, and wrote the

following reply: "In case a player snaggles his iron it is permissible for him to fuzzle his put, but a better plan would be for him to drop his guppy into the pringle and snoodle it out with a niblick."

Lawyers—Raw! Raw! Raw!

Wisconsin State Journal.

The college of law of Syracuse University has adopted a college yell which actually has some sense in it—which must be regarded as a startling innovation. Here it is:

Agency, contracts, bills, notes,
Equity, pleadings, sales and torts,
Domestic relations; Raw! Raw! Raw!
Syracuse Varsity,
College of Law!

All Hers if She Liked.

Bobbie—Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your candy and you can have it.

Ethel—Here's the candy. Now what is it?

Bobbie (munching)—A spanking.

Sufficit.

No more; one word discovered all,
I would not have you speak,
Lest some transpiring sentence fall,
And I am proven weak.

No more. Your words were soft and kind,
A gentle heart's response.
They leave not pain alone behind,
But peace and pain at once.

That woman merits high esteem,
These kindly actions prove.
A maiden's words dispelled a dream,
But sealed a life-long love.

Then say no more. 'Tis only I
Who suffer, I alone;
And woman stands exalted high;
A Race is better known.

Toronto, Sept., '97. G. E.

On Dangerous Ground.

Washington Star.

"It's a lucky thing for some of the old composers that they didn't live longer," said the German critic.

"I don't quite see why. They are more appreciated now than when they wrote."

"Yes, but they'd be punished for *lese majeste*, sure. They have been using some of the emperor's musical ideas."

Love's Trial.

"I'm sure he loves me."

"Why?"

"Because I have sent him six letters unstamped, and he hasn't complained."

Modern Chivalry.

Young Lady (with an umbrella)—Beg pardon!

Polite gentleman—Don't mention it. I've got another eye left.

Sunday at Sea.

Life.

Smith—Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourtly preach in the main cabin this morning?

Brown—Yes, but most of them left when he announced his text.

"What was it?"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

Head.

The languorous quiet of Elysium was gently broken now and then by the clink of glasses and the pop of opening ambrosia bottles.

"That's Charles L.," explained one who had been there long enough to have learned the

12 Stearns' Bicycles

27 Gold Watches

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH

To those who send the largest number of

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to

LEVER BROS., Limited, TORONTO.

Scott's Emulsion makes the blood richer and improves the circulation. It increases the digestion and nourishes the body. It corrects diseased action and strengthens the nervous system. In a word, it places the body in the best possible condition for preventing the germs of Consumption from beginning or continuing their work. In that one sentence is the whole secret. Book covering the subject very thoroughly sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

This is an Age of Improvement

What was best yesterday is a poor second to-day.

Ludella Ceylon Tea

Lead packages only IS a product of to-day.

From Leading Grocers 25c, 40c., 50c., and 60c. Black and Mixed.



Well Dressed Women

are careful to have their skirts bound with a dress binding which WILL WEAR, GIVE A TAILOR-MADE FINISH to the dress and never fade, fray or become ragged.

That's why they use the celebrated

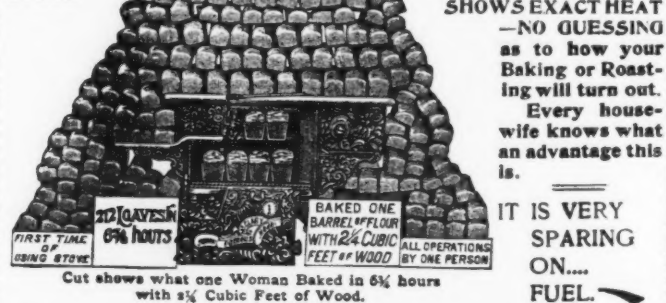
"Tube" or "Lip" Bias Dress Binding

Worth's Latest French Skirt Pattern Free with Every Purchase

The "FAMOUS MODEL"

The Product of Long Years' Experience.

A WOOD COOK STOVE



Oven is VENTILATED, has STEEL BOTTOM, and is CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM, ensuring EVEN COOKING, while THERMOMETER SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your Baking or Roasting will turn out. Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.

IT IS VERY SPARING ON FUEL.

The McClary Mfg. Co.,

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

ropes. "He has an idea if he keeps up the gait he'll wake up with a head some morning."

Facetious Passenger—How often, conductor, does your trolley car kill a man? Conductor (tartly)—Only once.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Louise—The Bishop looked awfully cross, didn't he? Isabel—Well, no wonder; every one of the bridesmaids had on bigger sleeves than he did.—Chicago Record.

"It is tough, but true," said the Cumminsville sage, "that a man generally does not get any foresight until he is too old to have anything to look forward to."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Would you please help me?" said the poor beggar to the pedestrian. "I have a wife and five children at home, and an instalment to pay on my bicycle to-morrow!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Look at those two men; they have been talking on that cold corner for an hour. Do you suppose it's politics?" "No; I think they've both just learned to ride a wheel."—Chicago Record.

"Mr. Insile, give the class your idea of optimism and pessimism." "Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy."—Chicago Record.

"Well," said Mrs. Wiffles to the tramp, "I suppose you want something to eat this morning?" "No, kind lady," replied the wayfarer; "I called to see if you had a cast-off bicycle to give a deserving man."—Harper's Bazar.

"It must have been a very tender-hearted butcher who killed this lamb," said the Cheerful Idiot, pausing in the saving of his chop. "Why?" kindly asked the shoe clerk, boarder.

"He must have hesitated three or four years before striking the fatal blow."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more free suits if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the city editor of the Morning Sensation, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk. And he inserted a word so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

The Central Business College.

The Central Business College of Toronto began the regular work of the fall session last week, with the largest number of new members ever registered at the beginning of any term. This is surely a good indication.

It was a happy thought that suggested the fitting up of a convenient resting place right in the heart of the city. Muller's Cigar Store is handsomely fitted up. The rooms in the rear are attractive and convenient.

Frightening a Grizzly.

A veteran hunter tells in the San Francisco Chronicle of a bear who backed out of a fight, frightened by a man's acrobatic performances. He says:

"A remarkable instance I heard of once, where a famous guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she-bear and two half-grown cubs, and by a series of ridiculous monkey-shines and acrobatic manoeuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears,

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filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three hastily retreated into the woods.

"The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspring and jumping up and down, flopping his hands and resorting to other unhunter-like measures.

"He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain-lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, although he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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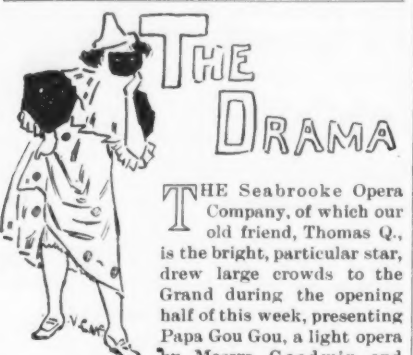
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THE DRAMA
THE Seabrooke Opera Company, of which our old friend, Thomas Q., is the bright, particular star, drew large crowds to the Grand during the opening half of this week, presenting Papa Gou Gou, a light opera by Messrs. Goodwin and Byrnes, the music being by Mr. William Furst, which evidently appealed very strongly to the mental appetites of a goodly percentage of our Exhibition visitors. The music was good, the choruses rendered with spirit and dash, and Seabrooke himself as entertaining as ever, and some of the duets were particularly excellent, so that the warm reception the piece received was thoroughly well deserved.

One of the characters—I forget which—in her anxiety to establish the fact that there are certain degrees of relationship in which matrimony is not prohibited, made the astonishing and peculiarly inappropriate statement that "cousins don't count!" They don't, eh? Isn't it the main aim and object of our famous Exhibition to prove to many a weary housewife and perplexed *paterfamilias* that cousins do count? They don't—don't they? Who do you suppose are these people who in our streets are staring with all their might at things they never see, and being endlessly chivied out of wrong cars into right ones, and who are always being told where to go and never knowing how to get there? They are somebody's cousins, and they count. And that somebody—who can't make out for the life of him how a dollar's worth of car tickets bought soon after breakfast are all gone before lunch—knows it.

It is a hard, cruel thing to do, but few city folks can ever resist the temptation to make fun of their less sophisticated acquaintances. It is not pride nor a sense of superiority, ever grateful and pleasant though it be, but it is the still sweeter impulse of revenge. We are simply getting even: for when we—out of respect for Mrs. Q. I use the plural pronoun, but in its social, not its editorial sense—went for our annual summer visit to the country, the tables were turned. We were pitifully told that lemon-squeezers were really of little use in the process of milking and that, further, there were some animals, ostensibly of the cow persuasion, that did not give milk, and that it was unwise to flourish red paraisols in the presence of the latter. We were also sarcastically informed that improved methods of cultivation had rendered it unnecessary, and even difficult, to train turnip vines on fences in order to ripen the fruit, and a sance at the business end of a dasher-churn taught us that poetical ideas on the subject of butter-making were not as poetical as they seemed. Now, *nous avons change tout cela*, and are enjoying the occasional satisfaction of thinking we know what somebody else does not.

If the truth must be told—and politeness generally forbids it—the gentlemen who are responsible for the libretto of Mr. Seabrooke's attraction have not greatly added to their literary fame by their efforts. There are, to be sure, a number of bright things in it, but their sparkling effervescence is kept well under control, and the numerous flashes of wit preserve a well defined degree of dimness. But brilliancy of this character and musical attractiveness were divorced some years ago, and a complete reconciliation seems difficult. In their earlier efforts Gilbert and Sullivan brought them nearer together than they have ever been since, and a score of more or less confident imitators have since sought success where they were content to avoid failure, and though Papa Gou Gou will not live as other operas have lived, in the capable hands of Mr. Seabrooke and his clever support it is a good, clean, wholesome attraction and ought, before it dies, to attain a high degree of well deserved popularity.

THE Toronto Opera House this week has an attraction with which it is impossible to find fault. From first to last there is not a dull moment in the show. The scenery is all that man can wish, the music is pretty and the airs not too hard to catch. The girls are good-looking and the men execrably funny. This, without Miss Bessie Bonehill, is fully worth the price. With Miss Bessie Bonehill it is about as good a bargain as the Toronto is likely to put up this season. The plot of the burlesque Little Monte Cristo diverges in a few particulars from the plot of Dumas' great novel. Dumas didn't have so many girls playing around the Chateau d'If, nor did he allow everybody to assemble in the cave on the Island of Monte Cristo to dance double shuffles and take part in comic songs and fancy marches. As Dumas wrote for posterity and

his novels are warranted to wear for three generations, he was evidently unaware how popular double shuffles would become or he would have put some in somewhere. This omission has happily been rectified in this version.

Bessie Bonehill makes a most attractive character out of Edmund Dantes. With a clear voice and an engaging manner she conceals somewhere about her person a large quantity of that mysterious essence known as magnetism. What it is that constitutes the charm is difficult to say. She is pretty, but not extraordinarily so; her voice is good, but could not be called brilliant; her acting is charming, but the magnetism is not contained in that exactly. I rather think the secret lies in her unaffected manner, her fresh, open, yet modest "way," for the display of which the role of Edmund Dantes in Little Monte Cristo is admirably adapted. There is just enough of earnestness and sincerity in the part to make the lapses into burlesque delightful. The company supporting Miss Bonehill is excellent in every particular. John Donahue can turn the most ridiculous back somersaults I ever saw, and this is only one of many accomplishments. It was a particularly neat bit of "take off" where he, as De Villefort, and Tony Williams, as North, go through the exaggerated politeness of picking up each other's hats in the approved early part of the century fashion.

Bessie Belmont as Fernand displayed a fine voice and an ample figure, and Edith Murilla was charming as Mercedes. Ed. Sanford made a very droll Dutch sailor, though as Danglars is hardly a Dutch name he formed one of the variations expected from the prefix Little to the title Monte Cristo. Harry Dickson as Caderousse made a very natural old toper. The young sailors, dancing girls, peasant girls and landmen are all extremely good-looking and well drilled, and work their hardest to make Little Monte Cristo as good an opera-bouffe extravaganza as can well be condensed into three acts.

Hanlon's Superba is proving a strong attraction at the Princess Theater.

For Fair Virginia will be put on at the Grand Opera House the last three nights of next week.

World, Keller and Mack, the Broadway Comedians, will produce for the first time in Toronto their farce-comedy, Town Topics, at the Toronto Opera House, opening Monday, Sept. 13. It has been playing in Buffalo this last week, and the papers of that city speak highly of it. It is an amusing skit on things up to date, and is said to be full of pretty girls, new songs and ludicrous situations. It is unhampered with a plot, the piece having been written for laughing purposes only. There will be twenty people in the company, each one more or less a star, and no less than two hundred occasions for side-splitting laughter are promised. There will be the usual bargain matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

E. S. Willard will play a dramatized version of Hall Caine's new story, The Christian, which nearly everybody in Toronto has read or is reading.

A. M. Palmer recently signed a contract to manage Richard Mansfield. It is interesting in this connection to note that it was Mr. Palmer who gave Mr. Mansfield his first opportunity to make his first hit. That was years ago at the old Union Square Theater, in New York, when he produced The Parisian Romance with Richard Mansfield as the Baron Chevalier, a role which leaped at once from a subordinate to the leading importance and made the actor famous.

Mrs. John Drew, the veteran actress, died last week after a short illness. Mrs. Drew was married to John Drew, the famous comedian, in 1850, and was the mother of John Drew, the late Georgia Drew-Barrymore, and Sidney Drew, who is appearing in vaudeville in England. She supported the elder Booth, Forrest, Macready, Edwin Booth, Florence, Clarke and Owen, all of whom have passed away, and Jefferson and Coudlock. She won laurels as Ophelia, Desdemona and Pauline, but her fame rests largely on her presentation of old comedy parts, and her playing of Mrs. Malaprop in The Rivals is regarded as unsurpassed.

Frank Daniels will drop The Wizard of the Nile and put on The Idol's Eye.

Robert Mantell has a new play. By Secret Warrant is its name.

A distinguished deserter from the legitimate is Kate Claxton, who won fame and fortune in The Two Orphans. She has signed a contract to make her vaudeville debut at Proctor's in New York, and will appear in a comedieta and a melodramatic sketch, both condensed within half-hour limits.

During Duse's engagement at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, in Paris, the receipts averaged \$2,113 a night, making a total of over \$21,000 for the ten performances. On her last appearance, when she appeared in *Femme de Claude* and *Cavalleria*, the receipts were larger than on any previous night, amounting to \$2,808.

Mr. Allie Louden is going on the road as advance agent for Margaret Mather.

A Kiss for Thee, My Love.
Song by a Student at the School of Science.

For Saturday Night.
The old world holds in countless store, they say,
Transformed and dark, the sun's life-giving ray—
For every gleam of light, for every ray,
A kiss for thee, my love, a kiss for thee.

The old world throbs with mighty throbs, they say,
While moving onward in her pathless way—
For every throb that swells that Titan breast,
A kiss for thee, my love, a kiss for thee.

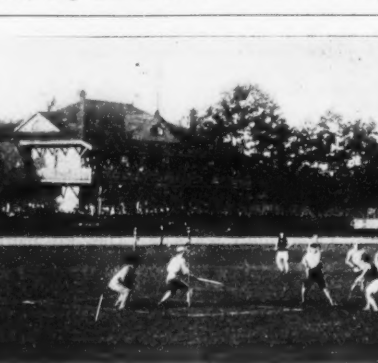
The world was many thousand ages old, they say,
Ere it was ever let to see the light of day—
For every age and year, for every hour,
A kiss for thee, my love, a kiss for thee.

Toronto, Sept., 97. M. A. B.

Attorney—You say that you witnessed this alteration? O'Hara (on the stand)—No, sir; O! didn't see that. O! was busy lookin' at th' foight.—*Cleveland Leader.*

SPORTING COMMENT

The T. A. C., T. L. C., Lornes amalgamation, arrangements for which were finally completed last Tuesday night, places a totally different aspect on the local Rugby situation, and the prospects of a successful season are now as bright as they formerly were gloomy. The Lornes, at their annual meeting held some two weeks ago, were very pleased with their prospects, but the liberal offers of the Toronto Athletic Club, combined with the fact that such a course would undoubtedly be in the best interests of the game, has led them to merge their identity with that of T. A. C. The new club will be called T. A. C.-Lornes, and teams are entered in both the senior and intermediate series of the O. R. F. U. Through an oversight a junior team was not entered, but efforts are being made to secure a special meeting of the O. R. F. U. committee, with the object of placing a T. A. C.-Lornes III. team in the junior ties. The amalgamation will be a great thing for the game in this city. For many years past we have not had a good representative team, but now, as far as can be seen at present, there is sufficient material, if properly developed, to land a championship. The new team will be especially strong in the back division, there being about ten good men available to fill five positions. Who is to play full-back will perhaps be the hardest nut to crack. McKay is the only one talked of at present, and may again be seen in his old position. There are no less than six good men eligible for half-backs, viz.: Gilmour, Male, G. Gale, Glasco, Eby and Merritt. The first three



The Toronto-Tecumseh Lacrosse Match.

Showing German making a shot on goal, Patterson intercepting, and Allan in the flags.

would make a half-back line second to none in Canada. For the position of quarter-back there are two candidates, both with excellent reputations, Smith, the T.L.C. man, who played with Ottawa College last year, and the old T.A.C. quarter, Cartwright. There are any amount of men anxious to get on the forward line; nearly all of last year's wings will turn out, and the new men will have to struggle hard to get a place. It is rather idle to speculate on its construction at this early date, but it is likely that Flood, Hoskins, Osler, Moss, Van-koughnet and Labatt will all be on the rush line. The management should be very careful in selecting a scrimmage. The team will train on the old Lornes' grounds, and the first general practice is to be held to-day at 3.30 p.m.

The Rugby ties were drawn last Saturday and have been published. It will be noticed that there are only five clubs entered in the senior series, Trinity, R. M. C. and Brockville as exclusively intimated in these columns two weeks ago, not entering. Hamilton, by drawing the bye, has a great chance of getting into the finals. The Granites, last year's junior champions, have entered in the intermediate series, and there should be some interesting contests in that class, as Brockville, R. M. C., London, Varsity II. and T.A.C.-Lornes II. will all have strong intermediate teams. The junior series has been augmented by the addition of the Wellingtons, and if their hockey reputation is lived up to they will be a likely lot. W. T.

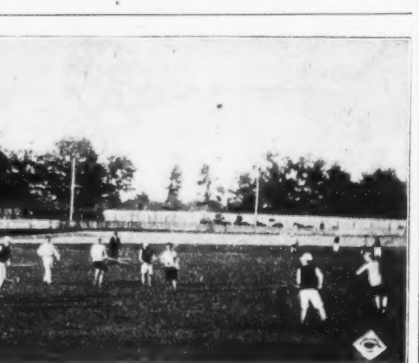
The Tecumsehs defeated the Torontos last Saturday 5-2. They won because they were qualified to win—as a rule they ran faster, caught better, and passed more accurately, although some of the Torontos played with great speed and skill. The Tecumsehs excelled while they were scoring the first two goals, but while the Torontos were scoring the next two the Islanders were quite as much in the shade as their adversaries had previously been. With the score a tie the Tecumsehs came out again confidently and won all the rest of the way.

The match was marred and the significance of the victory was somewhat detracted from by a serious accident in the first two minutes of play, for Moran, the best all-round player on the Toronto team, was thrown out of the game with a broken leg. When the Tecumsehs won the previous match people said: "They were playing on their own grounds, and the Torontos were weak owing to the absence of Moran." Saturday's game was looked to as a real test, but Moran was disabled the very first time he tried to pick up the ball. Would he have influenced the result, and if so to what extent? This is a nice question, although a somewhat useless one to raise. If he had not been injured and had played throughout in his best style, and if instead, German or Murphy of the Tecumsehs had been bowled over at the outset, would the result have been reversed? This suggests what I mean when I say that the significance of the victory was rather spoiled by the accident to Moran. However, accidents are among the chances of the game.

There is a strong conflict of opinion about that accident. To be frank, the supporters of the Torontos think that Moran was knocked into the fence in the expectation that the shaking-up would impair his playing. The supporters of the Tecumsehs say that it was a pure and simple accident, which Hartley regrets as sincerely as does Moran. Some say that Hartley gave Moran a knee trip; others deny this vehemently. I was an immediate eye-witness of the affair and saw no trip, nor do I believe that there was one. Moran followed after the ball, paying no attention to Hartley, who came towards the fence at right angles and, without trying to capture the rubber, jumped into

Moran with shoulder and hip. Moran's left toe was on the ground and his right foot in the air when he was struck; he couldn't resist and simply collapsed into the fence. His right leg, as we know, was broken. Hartley went straight at Moran; had he gone after the ball he might have secured it, for he had an advantage in location. Whatever the lacrosse rules may be in regard to such an incident as this, the common sense of the thing is that the attack was not good sport. Whatever Hartley's intentions may have been, his action was vicious. Four thousand people did not go up there to see a man's leg broken, nor did they go up there to see Hartley knock Moran or anybody else violently into a stout fence without injuring him at all. The crowd were attracted by the promise of good lacrosse, yet one of the most expert players in the country was disabled by an inferior player, and the victim went to the hospital and the culprit went on with the game. This is the hard sense of the thing. Hartley may not have violated the rules, but he violated something bigger and stronger than any petty rule, for he discredited lacrosse and needlessly broke a man's leg. In his defence it may be pointed out that if Moran had realized that he was to get so severe a body-check he could have gathered himself to meet it; also, we have seen many men bodied as roughly into fences without sustaining serious injuries.

The referee ruled Hartley off for that one game, but not for the match, a decision that proved satisfactory to nobody, for it charged Hartley with some guilt in breaking Moran's leg, (which his friends thought unfair), yet it did not adequately punish him, (which Moran's friends thought a miscarriage of justice). But



The Toronto-Tecumseh Lacrosse Match.

Showing German making a shot on goal, Patterson intercepting, and Allan in the flags.

no human being could hold opinions in regard to that accident which would seem reasonable to both camps at once.

The Tecumsehs can play a very superior game of lacrosse. They are excellent runners and full of spirit. German has no superior, in fact, no equal, as an inside home player. Little Pat Murphy is a wonder, while Gamble, Grimes, Yorke, McVey and others are hard to beat. The efficiency of the work done by Grimes was deserving of great praise. The team followed up its success of Saturday by defeating the Capitals at the Island on Monday afternoon, and it will probably go on now and make a spirited effort to win, in exhibition games, the championship of Canada.

Connors of Stouffville, who went on in Moran's place on Saturday, is fast enough for any company, being quick, tireless, and full of courage. It took him about fifteen minutes to get properly into the game, but once in he did not let up for a moment. Burns has been very roughly handled all season. Opposing teams appear to find that the only way to prevent him from scoring is to keep jumping on him or worrying him from start to finish, and his enforced retirement when the score was even no doubt weakened the Torontos. It is to be hoped that the rough usage that he has met with all year will not cause him to quit the game. Moran is now out of it, for this season at least, and this withdraws a man whose superior never handled a stick. He played the ball all the time, and I never saw his stick touch an opponent even in the roughest kind of a mix-up. He played cool, clean, brainy lacrosse, was oblivious of the grand stand, avoided all roughness, and it would be more meet were some less capable and less fair player in his place in the hospital and he in the field that he adorned with excellent example.

At Waterloo on Labor Day the professional bicycle racers again "exhibited" themselves. In the ten-mile event, because Westbrook wouldn't loaf around the track until the final lap, the others got huffy and quit. Then these professionals rode a mile in 2:30, while the novice final was done in 2:10. These men are spoiling their graft very certainly and very swiftly. The bicycle makers are ready enough to drop the racing men, and they would have been dropped sooner only that the people have apparently demanded these "star" riders at bicycle meets. Now that people are being made sick of the whole thing, it will likely follow that bicycle firms will sell out their racing stables this fall and quit it for good. Professional riders were not invited to Waterloo because of their good looks, but because it was understood that they could do a mile much faster than novices could do the distance. When they go all over a circuit without beating novice time, they yield no excuse for their existence. When a bicycle maker hires a professional to ride his make of wheel, what does he get out of it, anyhow? If the wheel deserves credit when a man wins, does it not deserve blame when he loses? How many people outside those in the bicycle business notice what make of wheel a man rides in a race? The best man wins, and all racing wheels are pretty much alike in merit, for a wheel will go just as fast as the rider makes it go and no faster. The only real use to which professionals can put themselves is to show speed for the entertainment of the public, and when they fail to do that they destroy their last excuse for existing.

Canada won the international cricket match played at Rosedale on Monday and Tuesday, having a margin of eight wickets. The United States eleven has not defeated the Canadians since 1893. The game of 1894 was a draw, and

in '95, '96 and '97 Canada has won three straight. We need to win a few more games yet before we shall have quite balanced accounts, as there was a long row of defeats for us not long ago. The United States eleven this year was not quite as good as usual, owing to the fact that the Philadelphians who went on the English tour were not available for this match. When we attach proper weight to this consideration we must admit that the team that played here this week did very well, and proved fairly strong. Messrs. E. W. Clark, Jr., W. W. Noble, Newbold Etting, and S. Goodman have played in previous international matches, but the others won their colors this year and are a promising lot of young players. The wicket-keeping of T. C. Jordan and the bowling of H. G. Townsend were of a very superior order. W. N. Morrice, who has been batting remarkably well all season, hit up 33 in the second innings, R. D. Brown 38 and H. G. Townsend 12. The best batting for the visitors was done by E. W. Clark, Jr., who made 34 not out and 10. The visitors were all retired in the first innings for 85 runs and in the second for

129. Canada put up 179 and 41 for 2 wickets. M. Boyd, batting in the excellent form that has marked his play of late, carried off the honors with the willow by making 51 in the first innings. Things looked rather blue at first when D. W. Saunders, F. W. Terry and J. M. Laing were retired with only six runs among them. But W. H. Cooper was batting strongly and, joined by P. C. Goldingham, a stand

was made that brought the bowling into subjection. These two batsmen pulled the score well up, and a little later M. Boyd and A. F. R. Martin got going and made runs merrily. Geo. S. Lyon also scored rapidly. A. G. Chambers made 9 and H. B. McGivern 9 not out. The leading scores were: M. Boyd, 51; G. S. Lyon, 28; A. F. R. Martin, 23; W. H. Cooper, 23; and P. C. Goldingham, 14. Although H. C. Hill of McGill failed to score, placing his first ball into a fielder's hands, he amply justified his selection by bowling extremely well. In the United States' first innings he took 3 wickets for 2 runs, bowling Messrs. Townsend and Brooke in his first over. When the Canucks went in a second time, W. H. Cooper was at once bowled by S. Goodman, and D. W. Saunders joined P. C. Goldingham. These two made a fine stand, the former scoring 22 and the latter 11 not out. They played fine cricket. When Mr. Saunders was caught in the slips two runs were needed and Mr. Terry came in, cutting the ball to the boundary for 4 and ending the match.

Of all the men who play the game,
(And many of them can)
There's none can pound the spheroid like
The second spare man.
The way he cuts is beautiful,
The way he drives it on
Is so completely business-like
It soon comes fifty-one.
Oh, it's cut 'em to the ropes, Boyd,
Snick 'em to the track.
Pay the game for all it's worth,
Jossion has the knack.
Cut it to the ropes, Boyd,
Drive it out again—
Golly! what a team if we'd
Eleven spare men!

D'Arcy Scott of Ottawa won the international paddling trophy at the Toronto Canoe Club fall regatta last Saturday, doing the mile in 10:20. There were three other starters and they finished in the order named: D. H. McDougall and E. McNicholl, Toronto Canoe Club; E. B. Nelles, Wyandotte Aquatic Club of Detroit. This trophy was won last year by R. V. King, with W. H. Beag second, both being at that time members of the Toronto Canoe Club. The winner retains possession of the trophy for a year and is presented with a valuable gold medal. There were four starters in the championship singles, and F. Taylor, one of this year's novices, won, with E. McNicholl second. D. H. McDougall and E. McNicholl won the tandem championship. F. Rogers and H. Beag also started, but Rogers took sick and had to quit, leaving the winners to paddle over the course alone. Two crews started in the championship fours, the winning team being G. Walter Beag, W. McQuillan, F. Taylor and H. Beag. The match race, Brantford fours vs. Toronto fours, was won by the latter team, although they were supposed to have a slower boat. The result was partly due to the Brantford style of paddling with both knees down. The visitors went to pieces after the turn. The cup offered in this race will be paddled for annually between these two clubs. THE UMPIRE.

Canada.

For Saturday Night.
(Culled from editorials in the London, Eng., Spectator.)
From the snow-drifts of the Arctic chance has shovelled out a nation,
And its little Dr. Laurier is thawing out the same;
There has risen in the "firmament" another constellation.

And its Laurier-Galileo has spied it, to his fame.
We're an Arctic Eldorado and an Eden packed on ice,
Where it's not too warm for virtue but it's quite too cold for vice;
We're a Barnum's "Happy Family" caged lion-like and lamby,
A French and English "Noah's Ark," a proper Paradise.

We have lain too long in "sommolence," and "shackled with Protection,"
But now we have arisen for a model to all men;
We're the only right republic by a comical selection,
(All the world is pouring praises, and there's no one to say "When").
We're a "Switzerland, a Norway, and a Scotland" rolled in one;
We're the best of mountain scenery excepting only none;
We're the keepers of the granary who never knew "chicanery,"
Who give quite twenty hundredweight (and over) in a ton.

We are blushing pale pink blushes at the sound of these our praises,
(Though we're glad enough for learning that our worthiness is known),
And it's "Thank you, Mister Laurier, although you didn't raise us,
For showing mammy England how her little lad has grown."

We have broken forth "effulgent" from the close and clammy shade;
We're a little dime museum on perpetual parade;
We have more than done the dutiful, mamma has blessed us beautiful,
And in short another nation has its shutters down for trade.
Toronto, September, 97.

NOTES ON RUGBY FOOTBALL.

BY A. F. BARR.

ARTICLE No. II.

The players having become proficient in the fundamentals and ready for hard work, the captain can turn his attention to the formation of the team and the position-play of each individual. While it is impossible for a player of one position to write exhaustively upon all, yet a few suggestions may be made which will be found useful in coaching.

It can hardly be disputed that a team with a strong line and medium backs is superior to one with strong backs and a poor line, and consequently attention should be paid to the choice and coaching of players in the line. It is easier by far to develop a strong line than a strong back division. Backs, to play their game well, require much more experience, while line-men can be taught the game in a comparatively short time. The most effective line is the balanced one—by this is meant that in which the weight is in the center and the light, active men are on the extremes. The reason for this is that the end men are expected to follow up kicks and play right on the ball until the heavy men can be brought up. Then again, in case of hard defence work the heavy men can be used to great advantage in pushing the ball ahead while the light and more active are always ready to help in case of fumbles, etc.

OUTSIDE WING.

It is speed and activity that count in this position, and accordingly light men can be used with great effect. Close marking is not necessary, and all strength can be reserved for the exhausting runs and tackling. The outside wings should go down the field on every kick and intercept the return kick or tackle the back if he attempts to run. In case of a fumble they have a splendid opportunity to score. No opposing runner should be allowed to circle the end of the line, but should always be forced towards the center, just giving the middle wing man a chance to tackle him. The same can be said to each wing—every runner should be forced towards the center and never allowed to get on the outside. He should watch the half opposite to him and on no account should he run towards the center, for this would leave the outside half unmarked. When his own side has the ball he should guard his half and at the same time should not allow himself to be drawn out so far as to make a break in the line. The odd wing may be classed with the outside men. His best position is on the side from which the center half will kick, where he can best help to protect him. He can be used to advantage as an extra quarter in hard scrum-work where the opponents are trying to dribble. This will be when the ball is near the opponents' goal.

MIDDLE WINGS.

Men heavier and more powerful than the ends should play this position. The work is harder and running is not so necessary. They are expected to break through and either tackle the center half or block his kicks. In case of the opposing outside half running they should be ready to tackle him when forced in by the outside wing. When his own side has the ball, on no account should he allow himself to be drawn out. The most effective way to fully protect the halves is to present an unbroken line, and to have the men must play close to one another.

INSIDE WING.

Weight and strength are necessary qualifications for this position, and at the same time an exercise of an ordinary amount of intelligence. It may be found that some of the candidates for the scrum-work will be able to do better work at inside wing, and as the play is somewhat similar they should be given a trial. The quarter-back is the objective point for inside wings, either in interfering with the opposing one or in protecting your own. The quarter and inside wings should work together, and much ground can be gained by the inside wing checking his opponent hard and allowing the quarter to kick through. At such a time, as soon as the quarter passes, the wing should follow up closely either to receive the ball or to shove the quarter along. It is just such combination play as this that will gain points for a team. A sharp, active inside wing can accomplish a great deal by playing low when the opponents have the ball, and just as it is heeled out throwing himself forward so as to intercept it before it reaches the quarter, or at least interfering with him in putting the ball into play. When his own side has the ball the inside wing should play right against the scrum-work and support it as much as possible, but on no account should he allow an opponent to interfere with the quarter.

BREAKING THROUGH.

Of special interest to the wing line is the problem of breaking through. When the opponent has the ball the wings are expected to break through and stop the runner before he gets up to the line, or if an attempt is made to kick to endeavor to block it. A strong line will do effective work here and will play havoc with the best of half-backs. The question is how to get through. Mere weight and strength do not count for very much; quickness and headwork are of much more importance. It is best to play away from your man, but not so far that you cannot stop a gap. Watch your man closely and take advantage of his every fault. Do not be discouraged if you cannot get through at once, but keep working away and you will soon find an opening. A few methods of getting through may be suggested.

- (1) If your opponent exposes his chest spring into him with stiff arms. This will disconcert him enough to allow you to pass.
- (2) Catch him by one arm, and as he struggles to free himself he will probably pull you through.
- (3) If he plays high, try ducking under his arm.
- (4) If he plays low, force him still lower.
- (5) Feint to go to one side and dodge to the other.

Above all things, keep your opponent guessing as to what you are going to do next. It is absolutely necessary to move quickly if you wish to do effective work.

QUARTER-BACK.

This is one of the most important positions on the team and an extremely hard one to fill. The qualifications are headwork, coolness,

courage to stand the hardest of knocks, and a ceaseless and untiring energy. The quarter is in every play, and being the connecting link between the line and the halves can do a great deal towards the effective use of the halves. He must be able to handle the ball under all conditions, and do it quickly and surely. Passing to the outside halves should not be attempted unless the wings are holding their men firmly, for an intercepted pass would give almost a clear field for a run.

The scrum-work and quarter should practice together as much as possible, and the quarter can by coaching keep the scrum-work working well together in a match.

HALF-BACKS.

The best kicker should play center-half and the runners on the right and left. When it is intended to kick it is generally best for the center-half to do so from behind the strongest side of the wing line, as this gives him more protection and there is less chance of interference. The halves should practice passing as much as the wings, for their effectiveness can be greatly increased by judicious passing. It seems to be a failing of half-backs to be selfish, but this should not be tolerated by the captain, who should insist that they divide the work and help one another as much as possible. When the play is near your own goal line and the opponents have the ball, it is well to play a half on the line, and thus with an uncovered man it should afford a good opportunity to stop a rush.

FULL-BACK.

A full-back who lacks judgment and nerve can lose the game for the best of teams, and consequently great care should be exercised in the choice of a man to fill this position. He should first of all be able to kick well, and especially the long, low punt. Tackling is another requisite, but not so important as the kicking. The first idea of the back should be to get his kick in and thus clear the goal; the second should be distance, and the third placing. The position in the field must be determined by the ability of the opposing kickers. It is always safer to run up to the ball than to have to run back. It is when a team is hard pressed and being forced on its goal that the full-back has to use his judgment. The ball is kicked over the line, the full-back gets it and either kicks or rouses. Sometimes instead of rousing, a back will attempt to run and kick out—in some cases he is successful, but many times he either loses the ball or just places it outside the goal line and points are scored. It may be very exciting for spectators to see a back dodge his opponents and take the ball out, but it is better football and a great deal safer to rouse the ball.

THE CAPTAIN.

The most important and most responsible position on the team is that of captain. It is best, probably, that he should play either in the outer wings, half or quarter. A writer on American college football says:

What the captain is, his team will more than likely be. He impresses his team more than he is impressed by it. If he be a careless, indifferent sort of player, his team will play that kind of a game. On the other hand, if he be a fearless, aggressive player, his team acquires that spirit. Hence the importance of the position and the care to be exercised in his selection. The captain should be a man of positive force of character, with an ability to handle men, a genius for leadership, and with an enthusiasm that is contagious. A thorough knowledge of the game, acquired by long experience, of course is necessary. To achieve the best results, the captain should be the best player on the team. He must command by example rather than precept. He must be the real, not merely the nominal and titular, head of the team. Unless he knows his own game thoroughly, he has no time to give to his duties as captain. He cannot complain of the poor playing of others unless he is playing his own position in a faultless manner, or as nearly as possible.

The captain should preserve discipline and should have the confidence of every man on the team. The duty of the players to their captain is to obey his every order at once and without question. In a match the captain alone should talk to the referee, and it is only fair to the rest of the team that he should know the game well enough to make all legitimate demands and see that his team gets fair play.

The concluding article next week will contain a few observations on team-work and tactics, and also points of general interest to players.

Julia Arthur.

THE crowds in Piccadilly and on the Strand are very kaleidoscopic, but very troublesome when you are in haste and the hansom is pulled up short twice in every forty seconds. But as I drove up to the stage door of the Lyceum Theater a few weeks ago, the sounds of the bells in Westminster chiming the first quarter after five came as a relief. I was in time.

The last curtain had just been rung down on Madame Sans-Gêne as I was shown into the dressing-room—that hour the reception-room—of Miss Julia Arthur. It was a gala night, or rather matinee, for the young Canadian, it being her last appearance in London for a time. Sir Henry Irving was there and Miss Ellen Terry, with all the prominent people of the knight's great company, offering their congratulations



Julia Arthur.

and good wishes for her most gratifying success in her coming starring tour in *A Lady of Quality*. Letters were lying on her table from Frances Hodgson Burnett, George Alexander, A. W. Pinero, John Hare and many others. Evidently the Julia Arthur of the unpretentious manners but tireless ambition has climbed to a high and enviable place in the artistic and critical esteem of England.

"This is my birthday, too, you know," she



Oh, What a Time!

This snapshot has with it the story of an elaborate practical joke. A party of Toronto people were spending a few weeks near Havelock, Ont., and the two gentlemen in the picture, on returning from a fishing trip, found their wives and all the others absent. They fixed themselves up until they looked like the sole survivors of a railroad accident, and when their friends came back and caught a glimpse of the two, their concern may be imagined. But the joke was soon discovered, and if the amateur photographer of the party had not produced his camera, the jokers would probably have been "hushed."

said in that girlish way that has never left her. A number of dainty articles with cards attached lying on the dressing-table were meeting with unavoidable observation.

"You would not care to say which one?" somebody remarked, smiling.

"Look," she answered, "and see," handing an exquisite silver-mounted riding-whip. The card contained the words, "On her nineteenth birthday."

"That is the whip," she went on, "with which I am going to kill Sir John Oxon."

"And these?" another asked.

"Oh, those," taking one of the swords and touching a manuscript with it, "they're the foils that I am going to fence with at the last supper when I appear as a boy."

"Dressed?"

"In seventeenth century brocades and satins. I like boys' clothes."

"You're not afraid of them?"

"Not when they may be so prettily fashioned as Clorinda's. I shall wear the long satin coat, knee breeches and silk hose, and talk as much slang as Mrs. Burnett's heroine ought to be true to the novel."

But I could not keep my eyes off that loaded whip; it seemed to have a fascination for me, as for the guests that afternoon at My Lady Dunstonwoide's, when the thing, with all its vicious life breathed out, lay hidden under the divan in the panelled parlor.

During the conversation I could not help thinking of Miss Arthur's wide experience, supplementing her ample natural endowments, fitting her for the impersonation of a woman of such regal beauty, so complex a character, such splendid attainments as Clorinda Wildair, Countess of Dunstonwoide, Duchess of Osmonde.

"You went on the stage rather early?" I had enquired the previous afternoon.

"Yes, at eleven," she replied, "in an amateur way, playing Zamora in *The Honeymoon*, and Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*."

Other parts fell to her in those embryo days, but her first successes were won in Sheridan Knowles and Shakespeare.

"Did you experience any difficulty in getting on the professional boards?"

"Well, I recited for Bandmann, whose people all paid their own expenses, and was immediately engaged."

"When you were—?"

"Thirteen—and remained with him until I was sixteen."

"Doing—?"

"In *Hamlet*, the Player Queen, Gertrude and Ophelia; in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Mother, the Nurse, a Page and Juliet; in *Macbeth*, all the Witches, a Lady-in-waiting and Lady Macbeth; in the Merchant of Venice, Nerissa, a Page and Portia; in *Richard III.*, the Queen, the Duchess of York and Lady Anne."

Surely this is a Shakespearean record worth noting! During these girlish years Miss Arthur also played the leading female roles in *The Lady of Lyons*, *East Lynne*, *Don Cesar de Bazan*, *As You Like It*, and *The Corsican Brothers*.

"I then went to Germany," she continued, "to study the violin, but gave it up, went to the Pacific Coast and there joined the Wilbur Dramatic Company."

"How does newspaper criticism affect you?" I enquired.

"Materially—at least, the first one did. It was the result of a performance of Tennyson's *Dora*, and brought with it a salary—ten dollars a week."

But the hard work did not cease. It increased, the young actress thus adding valuable experience to phenomenal natural ability. That she believed in the gospel of labor may be judged from the following pieces, in which she played the leading female parts: *The Galley Slave*, *Called Back*, *The Two Orphans*, *Woman Against Woman*, *Captain Swift*, *The Colleen Bawn*, *Arra-na-Pogue*, *Jim the Penman*, *The Silver King*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Still Alarm*, *Peril*, *Divorce*, *The Private Secretary*.

Her first hit in New York was made in the *Black Masque*—a weird representation, which, however, gave the young Canadian an opportunity of distinguishing herself. This was followed by a tempting offer from Manager A. M. Palmer, under whom she played *Jeanne*, in *A Broken Seal*; *Letty Fletcher*, in *Saints and Sinners*; and *Lady Windermere*, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*—gaining both gold and glory. But her great triumph came in the title role of *Mercedes*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. In this brief one-act tragedy, Miss Arthur found a character peculiarly suited to her personality—for with her lustrous eyes, her raven-black hair,

Lyceum Company, when she played *Sophie*, in *Olivia*, and *Queen Anne* to Sir Henry's *Richard the Third*. As *Rosamond*, in *Becket*, she has won a triumph on every occasion, her beauty and her art keeping the most critical audiences from regretting the absence of the great Ellen Terry, as was also the case when during Miss Terry's illness she appeared as *Imogen* in *Cymbeline*.

Sir Henry and others of the Napoleonic era having gone to transform themselves into ladies and gentlemen of our end of the century, I thought my opportunity as an interviewer had come again.

"Do you look forward with much anticipation to your return to America?" I asked.

"With eagerness," she answered. "It is my home. My first efforts were made there, my first encouragement received there!"

"And the people?"

"They have always been so appreciative and kind to me. Then, of course, this new venture is the most important yet made in my career." "About a year ago," I said, "you told me that you would star if you could obtain one good play from a famous author."

"Yes, I remember—and, you see, I have at last secured it. The moment I read *A Lady of Quality* I felt *Clorinda* was a part that I should like to create."

"And when I read it," I added, "I thought you must surely have been the model for Mrs. Burnett's heroine—your presence, your voice, your temperament, all are *Clorinda's*."

And, of course, I thought of, but could not mention, the superb form, the poise of head, the face with every charm of feature and the glow of perfect health, her black hair, those midnight eyes with the long lashes like rays of darkness, the scarlet lips—all that seemed like the earthly goddess *Frances Hodgson Burnett* has added to English literature.

There is one peculiar trait about Julia Arthur: she is one of the few distinguished women of modern times who evinces no tendency to regard herself as a genius. She is long on common sense, refuses steadfastly to allow her estimate of herself to be affected by all the current eulogies, and keeps right on working patiently to perfect herself in the portraiture of character.

Though it is not pleasant to contemplate, it is no less true that the stars in the dramatic firmament are aging and falling. Those astronomers who look for greater and more dazzling luminaries to take their places are turning their telescopes in the direction of Julia Arthur. Though she is not of the opinion that she has done anything wonderful, is quite unconscious of her beauty, yet the talents she has displayed and the triumphs she has won mark her as a child of destiny.

As I said good night my eyes fell again on that whip, and I thought how often vast audiences in the theaters of America will quiver and be thrilled at sight of that piece of gleaming silver raised to kill in the hand of the fortunate young Canadian girl who is rising to her place among the greatest living actresses whose art has dignified the drama in the languages of England, Italy and France. For her achievements have already justified the belief that a name, bringing with it an atmosphere of magic and power, that will soon be mentioned with those of Terry, Duse and Bernhardt, is—Julia Arthur.

W. J. THOROLD.

Dreadful Butchery.

Foreman—Can't get another line in the paper.

Editor—Well, kill the German Emperor, cut President Faure in half, and make a stick of the Sultan.

And this sort of butchery goes on in newspaper offices all over the country every night.



At the Fair.

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Anecdotal.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the English preacher and author, tells this story against himself: "When I was going with my boy for a day's trout-fishing on the loch, we chanced to meet with a grave Scotch divine, who said, 'Pray, sir, are ye the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse?' 'I am,' said I, with all the cheeriness that a holiday puts into a tired Londoner. 'Ye are not what I pictured ye when I read your buiks,' said he. 'I am very sorry,' I stammered. 'Ah, but when I read your buiks I pictured ye as long and thin and sanctimonious-looking!'"

Some of the professors and lecturers of Toronto University accompanied a party of British Scientists on a trip to the Algonquin Park. The story goes that the party put up at a hotel at Huntsville for a night before proceeding to push into the woods, and assembled next morning at breakfast. One of the Englishmen said: "I am very anxious to be moving, and I propose that after breakfast we get a couple of cabs and at once drive over the park." As the Algonquin National Park comprises a territory of one million acres of primeval woods, the suggestion had humor in it for the Canadians.

Among the number of Baltimore Fresh Air Fund children sent to the cool hill country of Virginia this summer, there was one little fellow who found quarters in a hospitable farmhouse at Front Royal. When the cows came up in the evening to be milked, the boy went down to the barnyard with his host to see the operation. The cows were standing about placidly, contentedly chewing the cud. The boy watched the milkmaids at work, and his eyes dwelt with growing wonder on the ceaseless grind of the cows' jaws. At length he turned to his host and said: "And do you have to buy gum for all them cows?"

A resident in Dublin says that at the time of the great exhibition in that city he entertained a number of visitors, among whom was an old Presbyterian minister who liked to prattle about the city by himself. On returning home one evening his host found him reading the Bible, and the minister exclaimed: "I can't make it out at all; I have read Genesis xxx. twice over and am none the wiser!" He then explained that a large proportion of the shops in Dublin had "Genesis xxx" inscribed on them. Owing to his shortsightedness he had mistaken "Guinness's triple x" for "Genesis xxx."

T. F. Silleck says that on one of his holiday excursions he visited Mount Vernon, and there, in the grounds, he came upon a middle-aged lady kneeling before a building at some distance from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Mr. Silleck walked up to her and asked if she were in trouble. "No, sir," said she, "thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of His Country." "I quite understand," said Mr. Silleck gently; "but, my dear madame, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington. It is over yonder. This is the ice-house." And drying her tears, the lady moved quietly away.

When Nyé was a boy, he and his brother once had a great time searching after a calf that had got lost in a piece of woods. The search was kept up for days. Finally it had to be abandoned. Everybody but the humorist forgot all about it, and he said nothing of it to any one for more than twenty years. One day his brother—the same who had helped in the search—got a letter from "Bill" in which a pending long trip to Europe was described. The letter wound up something like this: "You see, I'm going a long way, and shall be away some time. While I'm gone I shall keep a sharp lookout everywhere. Maybe I'll find that darn calf. I've looked for it everywhere in the United States without success, and now I'm going to try the Old World."

The London Telegraph tells a story of a collier who amused himself with flying pigeons. He had occasion to go to town recently and took with him a bird in a bag. He was about to toss up the pigeon in the town hall square, when a policeman came up and told him that he must not fly the bird there. "Why not?" asked the collier. "Because it is forbidden, and

I shall have to lock you up if you do." The collier, with the usual sharpness of his kind, thereupon took the pigeon out of the bag, set it on the ground, stroked its wings and said to it: "Aw corn'd toss thee up here, so thou mun walk whoam; dost yer? thou mun walk whoam." The bird, of course, rose in the air, leaving the policeman petrified with astonishment.

Several clergymen were giving their experience in regard to preaching personal sermons. One of them, in illustration of his position, told of an English rector who thought his parishioners were getting so wicked that he must tell them what would become of them if they did not mend their ways. He preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, and afterward sought to "improve" the lesson by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be gnashing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em—I ain't!"

There is an Irish porter employed in a large commission house in New York—one of the kind that will make a witty reply to any sort of question. He is very fond of expressing his views in general, and has great admiration for his arguments. If he fails to get a listener, he will talk to himself in lieu of something better. A member of the firm, being annoyed one day at his constant muttering, which he was unfortunate enough to hear, sent for him. "See here, John, did it ever occur to you that your constant talk and muttering is a great annoyance to people that happen to be around? Why on earth do you chatter away to yourself, anyhow?" "Shure I have two reasons fer doin' that." "Two reasons! Well, what are they?" "One of them is that I loike ter talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I loike ter hear a sensible man talk."

Apocryphal of simplicity of style, a good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose; Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout manner: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, for you most certainly would have broken your neck by the fall."

Between You and Me.

"Do you know," said the other woman, craning back before a little toilet mirror, "I believe that is a wart on my nose!" She spoke half doubtfully yet, and the truth seemed to pierce her slowly. The funny thing is that I have worried often lately about the duty part of my friendship—should I or should I not make a remark about the increasing size of that unbecoming wart? A wart that everyone who admires the other woman knows about, a wart that I've ached to put caustic or acid on, and yet the other woman has never seemed to notice it. I wonder what she will do now that she has recognized its presence? I wonder if there are not a good many of us with warts on our noses, which other people are sorry about and which we haven't yet condescended to see?

"What should you do if someone is rude to you?" asks a woman who has doubtless felt herself at a sudden disadvantage in boorish company. Well, it is hard to say, unless one can size up the perpetrator of the rudeness in relation to the victim. Relations can be and are often frightfully rude to one another and no one seems to be offended; young persons are rude to old folks and rich persons to poor folks—one can easily forgive that in pity for the ill-bred and ill-trained one who is guilty. I have heard that the Queen is short almost to rudeness in her manner sometimes; the German Emperor is rude quite often, uncouthly and flatly bullying, in fact; there are men and women in Toronto who, being sensitive, highly nervous and perhaps diffident, have gained a name for rudeness which they don't deserve. There are others who cultivate brusque manners and are under the impression that cleverness lies that way. It is never clever to be rude, though audacity and originality sometimes fall into that snare. But let me consider! I may have a wart on my nose too!

Courtesy is a thing one has a right to expect from presumably civilized persons; the right to demand it should be granted. There are business men so grumpy and disagreeable that it is a penance to have any dealings with them unless one goes in with a gun and an overbearing tone; there are officials who pride themselves upon taking no nonsense from anyone, and there are women whose bearing is the essence of self-assertive vulgarity, who fracture every rule in the grammar and over-ride anyone unfortunate enough to be near them. There are so-called friends who delight in telling you your gown is ill-made, your coat ill-fitting or your bonnet a fright. One resents the manner more than the matter of their criticism. Then there are all the minor rudenesses of staring, making fun of and otherwise annoying strangers whose dress or look seems out of the common. This is such a common rudeness that it's a case of only here and there an one who would not plead guilty to it in some unguarded moment.

"But I didn't think that and I wasn't going to pretend I did!" stammered a hot-headed friend yesterday who had been led into and carried out of a war of words. "It was my duty to speak out and I did." "Yes, you did, but I don't agree with you about the duty," said the Professor quietly. "Beyond a bit of self-assertion I don't see what you gained by



She—What do you want?
 Rest!
 Well, you better call in at the graveyard, down on the next lot.—Life.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CLAUDIUS.—This is a quite juvenile hand, showing a good promise. When developed, and the crudeness overcome, it will be worth studying; is not now.

AMBITION.—Perhaps you have seen your answer long ere this. You don't write a bad hand at all; it is free, speculative and energetic, as I no doubt told you, though perhaps in other words.

PATRICIA.—Your scrawl on a postal card is scarcely a study, being soiled and partly defaced. I do think you had better try to send a better study and enclose it properly. Read the rules and repent.

BLUE BELL.—You are very sweet-tempered, sympathetic and gentle, but have not developed any very marked character yet. Surely you are very young. Keep your honesty, adaptability and observation unimpaired, and with time you'll be a fine woman.

TATTY-CORAM.—A bright, hopeful, somewhat ambitious and speculative mind. You are conscientious and reasonable, very perceptive and likely to look on the bright side of life. Coupon came to hand all right in second letter. Your writing shows honesty and truth, and rather unusual discretion. A nice child, I think.

E. M. HUMBS.—The information you ask is all to be found in our advertising columns. I don't see that your plan has a good chance of success. I never give addresses, nor do I send private answers to enquiries such as yours through the post. It is impossible to compress time in such a manner. I am sending you this week's copy marked in return for the three-cent stamp you enclosed. Have just opened your letter.

H. CURACOA.—Great plausibility, some contemplation, good sequence of ideas, originality, a sympathetic nature, some culture and undoubted talent are yours. I don't think you are narrow, but fancy your nature is intensely capable of concentration; a suave and placid manner and an almost subtle mind may go with such curious lines. Love of art, beauty in all forms, and some impressionableness are also clearly indicated.

FLY-TRACKS.—Send me your birth month and I will tell you why you do things which "surprise yourself." You might well do so from your writing, which goes every way and is swayed by the most erratic impulses. You are a dear thing, anyway, sensitive, self-willed, humorous and energetic. You love your fellowman, and yet delight to plague him; are sometimes emotional and oftener impatient. Please help me out by sending as requested.

K. V. D.—You have put in quite enough capital letters to show that you have a good deal to learn. Your study is very crude and shows much force without refinement, some selfishness, conceit and an erratic mind. You have some excellent and powerful traits and should strive to overcome your "freshness," which puts them in the shade. If you are very youthful you will evolve something good with time, for you have the force to make a good thing of life. If you have attained years of discretion the case is more serious. I think not.

ST. GEORGE.—You've waited a long time for your answer, but hope you brought your patience over with you. 2. Your writing shows ability, force and reasonable caution and discretion, some love of your own opinion, a good-natured and easy temper, a hopeful and probably cheerful manner; your head is level and you have been trained to neatness and good method; self-respect and honor are shown; a curious indecision of purpose conflicts with your general strength. I fancy you would find yourself at sea when in the realms of theory; should be rather practical and of a material turn of mind. An admirable study.

SAM WELLES AND CYNICUS.—I wish I had those two studies by me, to show you the suggestion of pessimism I saw in the second one. It was certainly there, although overridden by good sense and earnest character. A mercurial temperament brings out those lines in some moods and doesn't show them at all in others. The lines of acquisitiveness are so marked in your study that they strike me at once; they do not at all apply to money, because the study is generally suggestive of a broad and generous nature. Nor are they nervously tenacious, rather a conserving of all forces and a dislike to thriftless effort. I have liked very much your specimens, but you were a wretch to make me do you twice.

PERPLEXITY.—I. I think one's duty is to correct the child at the time he is doing wrong. The manner of correction of course should be largely thought out.

There are certain mistakes which may be more thoroughly corrected by experience of their punishments, and there are child natures which will only be convinced by actual experience. Child nature is so differently made up that it's hard to make one rule fit it every time. The natural impulse of a wise person is to save a fool from his folly, though sometimes one cannot succeed in doing so. 2. Your writing shows a rather perverse nature, sometimes devious and wilful in its aims and purpose, but generally reliable to do right as you see it. You are not anxious about details, and little imperfections don't worry you. You are far from reticent, have a very unromantic and rather brusque nature, evenly balanced between optimism and pessimism, having some tenacity and a mind hard to change on many subjects. Such an one might be a useful and respected citizen, but would not be a sympathetic or very emotional comrade.

The SATURDAY NIGHT Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to be let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the new City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.



Comparisons

Comparisons are interesting. Compare the quality, the style and the fit of the shoes you wear with the shoes we have in our stock and on the feet of our best citizens. Compare—but no—come in, and if you do not purchase we will conceal our disappointment.

We show all styles in Black Calf, Tan Calf, Patent Calf and Enamel Calf on all widths.



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You're interested when we say that the work we do on Chenille Curtains makes the past season's curtains as handsome as when first purchased. Sometimes we dye Chenille Curtains. Again, cleaning is all that is needed. We can tell you just what is best to do.

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 We have for sale stock in all the world's mines in the district viz: Le. War Eagle, Iron Hawk, Josie, Jumbo, St. Kimo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address, E. L. SAWYER & CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto.

Studio and Gallery

A very variable, unreliable thing is public opinion. The majority is seldom right on any matter, and the opinion of the public on the Art Gallery this year was multifarious as its tastes and ideas of art. A leisurely stroll of half an hour or less around a room containing between two and three hundred pictures can do little other than leave on the mind the confused impression of a conglomeration of light and shade, sky, rock and water, and color; but to justly decide upon the relative merits of any is quite impossible to an ordinary mind. No one but a newspaper reporter can aspire to such miraculous mental and spiritual receptivity. He knows all about it before he starts. The public lose much for want of time. Not one or two or three short views will bring out the beauties of this collection.

Again, in order to fully appreciate any work of art it is necessary to know, first of all, what the artist intends to portray, John C. Van Dyke to the contrary notwithstanding. Is he telling us something in depicting a scene of a yard of chickens, or is it an effect of sunlight moves him? To the uninitiated the chickens seem the more prominent because being something his senses can the more readily grasp, and should such an one aspire to criticism he will probably discover that one toe of one of the chickens is at an angle of exactly 17° from its next fore toe when he is perfectly sure it should only be at an angle of 16°. Immediately he pronounces the artist ignorant of his art; meanwhile he has lost the real intention of the picture by the effect of light on objects. A very conspicuous instance of this is seen in some of G. A. Reid's paintings. We venture to think the artist did not think of giving rocks measured with a tape-line with mathematical precision, but the effect of the light on the rocks and the mists on the river; not a geometrical drawing of objects, but a poetical symphony which only an artist can see and only an artist interpret.

Many come with preconceived preferences for certain aspects of nature, and to them the ideal picture must contain these or it is not worthy of attention. One sees no beauty whatsoever in a marine unless the water breaks in spray over rocks; another wants a country road lined with trees, it may be, and sweeps aside as unworthy attention every other aspect of nature, however truthfully represented, forgetful of the infinite variety nature presents.

Some sigh for the grandiose. Simplicity has little charm. A landscape to them is a collection of objects properly arranged and properly outlined; some prominent objects or figures must always be present or it is not a picture, forgetful that a true landscape consists more in the lights and shades which fall on the objects than the variety of objects in it. The truest depictees of landscape, the Barbizon school, think more of the poetic feeling of a landscape than of aught else; and those painters whose senses have been acute by reason of exercise and hearts melted by experience, have always, as they neared the boundary line between the temporal and the eternal and have been able the more

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The Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge Street, Toronto

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INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
FOR
Miniature and Water Color
Work

In addition to the entire display at the Exhibition we shall show next week a line of Water Color work in landscapes from the brush of Mr. Burn Jones, an English artist of renown who has associated himself with our studio.
An inspection invited. Hours 2 to 5 p.m.

clearly to see into the beautiful Beyond, tended to simplicity.

No classical or historical subjects have been attempted, with one exception, the Weir Sisters, and it is yet for some Canadian artist to give us distinctly Canadian history and classical subjects, but these are not essential to true art.

Improvement is very noticeable in much of the work. Miss Hagerty has gathered much strength and beauty, as also has Miss Bastedo. We do not wish to make comparisons, but we feel these two ladies received less attention in our former account than their works merited.

The amateur art display is, though not so pretentious nor so attractive as the professional, of none the less importance. Indeed, it is of very great significance and deserving of careful study. In it are to be found the coming artists. The work of the art schools is of the greatest practical benefit to the country in its geometrical, mechanical and industrial designing; not only so, but it often affords a means of profitable occupation. Indeed, many young ladies in the United States support themselves by designing and illustrating. The subjects represented are in oils and water-colors; portraits, animals, landscape, flowers and fruit; painting from life; sepia; drawing from the antique; outline objects; drawing from objects shaded; pen and ink sketches; pencil; perspective; geometrical, architectural, mechanical and industrial lithographic designing. The work shown in each of these discloses much careful application and in many cases no little talent. Among the names most prominent we make mention of the following, embracing many Toronto students: Misses Wrench, K. Allen, Kemp, Hillyard, M. A. Patrick, Gallagher, E. Miller, Johnston, M. Logan, E. Martin, E. J. Davis, E. Bell-Smith, and Messrs. J. W. Beatty, F. Armstrong, H. Moran, A. Carter, W. H. Markle, W. Jeffreys, J. Dippa, G. A. Pyke, Northcote and Sheppard, each of whom were given first or second prize in their respective departments. W. Jeffreys is gold medalist this year in the Toronto Art School.

The St. Catharines Camera Club present a very nice group of photographs which, as the former once said to Sir J. Millais, are a "humble effort" to produce than anything painted from nature, and very often "like the place."

The usual preponderance of the gentler sex was discernible on the third story, where are stored the treasures so interesting to the feminine mind. A few masculine forms were to be seen here and there, but they were evidently there from purely conscientious motives, impelled by their sense of duty as husbands and fathers and not from any violent attraction to the objects shown, as the evident anxiety and "relieve me" expression written on their countenances showed. Some waited patiently enough; some wiser went outside to see a friend; one or two held the baby, and yet another unselfishly tried with puzzled mien to see how it was done. The woman to whom there is nothing new under the sun, who had seen it all before and a great deal more, and who knew how it was all done, was there; the practical pattern hunter, who counted the stitches and made a mental note of the pattern and shades and knew she could do it, who was going to try when she went home, was there; and the meek little woman who inherits the earth and to whom everything was alike "just lovely," was there also, all as they were last year and will be next.

How it is possible in this electric age for so much tedious work to be gone through to produce these lovely pieces is a marvel to many. And yet breathes there a woman with soul so dead who never to herself has acknowledged how dearly she prizes the hand-made dainties above any she can buy? The white work for table and bedroom and five o'clock teas is extremely beautiful—much of it—and very serviceable; tea-table covers, centerpiece mats for table, filmy netted doyleys, pillow shams in drawn work, jewel-work and white embroidery. Cushions never intended to rest the head of weary mortals, and cushions homelike and hospitable-looking. Dainty cushion-covers in tatting, bolting-cloth, etc., etc.; inviting teacosies. Some beautiful laces, Battenberg, Honiton and Point, very intricate embroideries, Roman, Venetian, Danish, and Eastern. Art braid-work very chaste in tones. Crochet-work—patterns innumerable. Fine knitting of lace, etc., such as our grandmothers loved. Painting on satin, silk, ivory, bolting-cloth. Word-carving, knick-knacks for toilet. Photograph frames in linen, beautifully embroidered. Lovely needle, painting, and many other illustrations of female ingenuity, love of beauty and patience, too numerous to mention.

China painting was well brought into view, there being a large and beautiful collection. One can do little more than mention the names of some of the exhibitors: Miss C. Strong, Miss B. Williams, Miss H. Baird, Mrs. Spotton, Miss Maude May, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. B. Stevenson, Mrs. Bach, Miss M. Higgins and M. Chinnich, Miss Bailey, Misses Fitch, Williams and Hughes.

The state set, which has been fully described in this paper before, was also on view.

The Pantechnethica's case of white china for decorating purposes was very attractive indeed and contained much suitable ground for graceful designs.

Not a Disadvantage.
Pick-Me-Up.

"How terribly Mrs. Walkinshaw stutters. It must be very trying to her husband."
"Not at all. He likes it. He is able to get out of the house at night before she has time to ask him where he's going."

So He Was.
Filegunde Blatter.

Father (visiting his son's studio)—I just met the sheriff on the stairs. What was he doing here?
Artist—The sheriff? He—he—was sitting for me.

He Was a United Stateser.

Revelstoke Herald.

"If I only had you in God's country I'd blow the top of your d—d head off." They were two Americans, who had got into a difference of opinion in one of our Kootenay towns. This was the parting benediction of the particular son of freedom who had got the worst of it. What a tremendous, though unconscious satire, on the glorious institutions of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." The shackles of law, order and civilization are as galling to these children of American liberty as a pair of breeches to a naked Kafir. Nay, more, they have a contempt for the people that allows itself to be bound down by them. These are the remnants of an effete monarchy, which every true citizen of the "fair land of liberty" is bound to despise. God's country is the place where every man is free to blow off the top of his neighbor's d—d head, none daring to make him afraid. It calls his pride to know that if he makes any such necessary assertion of his personal rights in Canada, he will most surely be hung.

Not the Same.

Not long ago a servant living in Derbyshire gave notice to leave her situation, informing her mistress that she was about to be married. As the time drew near for leaving she addressed her mistress thus:

"Please, mum, have you got a girl yet?"
"No, Bridget; why do you ask?"
"Because if you haven't I should like to stay."
"What! I thought you were going to marry the sweep?"
"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Bridget hesitatingly; "but when I saw him after his face was washed I felt I couldn't love him."

My Lyrical Lumber.
Pick-Me-Up.

First, a mawkish little ballad,
Sung in happy days of salad,
Half forgotten in the limbo of the "sixties;"
How it flatters Millie Streeter
In its variable metre!
And its metaphor abominably mixed is,
Go and smoulder in the fender,
Relic of a passion tender!

For I dodged that random dart of Cupid's shooting;
And she's fifty-one and tubby,
With a family and hubby,
In a modest little tenement at Tooting.
Next, my play, The Mausoleum;
The lessee of the Lyceum
Much deplored his "inability to use it,"
While De Vere of the Apollo,
Said 'T'd beaten Byron hollow,
And it wrung him to the withers to refuse it.
Now the boys I've ceased to court,
I will heap the coals above it—
Was more turgid twaddle ever penned a desk at?
Once inclined to overrate it,
In atonement I cremate it!

As its requiem I warble, *Requiescat!*
Now, an ode Anacreontic,
Writ on foolscap bought upon tick—
'Tis the rhyme demands the terrible confession—
Then, a serenade erotic.
With a poem patriotic,
And a nightmare with the title, An Impression.
Stacked in mighty piles and batches,
Sheaves of sonnets, songs, and snatches,
And a satire I essayed the style of Pope in.
I will shy them from the casement
To the grocer in the basement,
They will do to wrap his candles and his soap in.

In an office grim and poky
Can I trifle with the rochee
While engaged in most prosaic occupations?
Dare I dally with the dactyl,
When my brains I have to rack till
Seven-thirty, over awkward calculations?
Stern tasks of life beguile us
From the papyrus and stylus—
In Fame's ocean I no longer am a dredger—
Now my muse for ever slumbers,
And, though still a slave to numbers,
They're the numbers in the cash-book and the ledger.

Shopping Under Instructions

"I want a 25 cent toothbrush for my wife."
"Yes."
"It mustn't be too big or too little."
"Well?"
"And it must have red stripes on the back."
"Yes."
"And she doesn't want a bulky one."
"No."
"Nor one that is scooped out in the middle."
"No."
"And it must be warranted to wear."
"And the handle mustn't be too curved or too straight."
"No."
"And it mustn't smell of moth-balls."
"I think this one will suit."
"All right; I'll take it. Now, remember, if this brush loses a bristle between now and next Christmas, you and I are gone up."

Exercise Assured.

New York Weekly.

Physician—Yes, madame, I have examined your husband. All he needs is fresh air and exercise.

Caller—Oh, dear! He never will take exercise, and I know there is no use urging him to. What shall I do?

Physician—Move out of the city into the suburbs. Get some house advertised as "Five minutes from the station." Then he'll have to tramp about five miles twice a day or starve to death.

Tomato, Can.

Canadian Gazette.

Fair British Scientist in Toronto to her Host (with condescending smile)—Delightful nomenclature you have in Canada, so soft and musical, so idyllic, trips so sweetly off the tongue—Manitoba, Toronto. Then think of Clapham, Peckham. Ugh!

Host (with habitual cynicism)—Yes, beautiful: Toronto—Tomato—Potato—so sweet.

Legal Precocity.

Harlem Life.

A farmer's son up in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession, and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study the young man returned home. "Well, Toke, how d'yer like the law?" was the first paternal enquiry. "Tain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Toke. "Sorry I learnt it."

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

Take the pleasantest of Malt Beverages—

John Labatt's Ale and Porter

They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.



SUBSTITUTION OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

"Money can often like some days," says Brother Watkins: "dew in de maunin' and mist at night."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Talk may be cheap," says the Manayunk philosopher, "but the man who retains a lawyer knows differently."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Oldtimer—Does your husband still think that you are too good for him? Mrs. Newlywed—Yes; he complains a good deal on Sundays!—*Puck*.

Bingo—I want to exchange this tandem for two wheels. Agent—What's the matter? Bingo—I find that I am not strong enough to ride it.—*Life*.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman—Kid thow stone—smashie glass—no can catchie—forgivum.—*Puck*.

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening, is a self-made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mrs. Tenspot—I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Willoughby. Was it a long courtship? Miss Skidmore—Not very. My cyclometer registered about one hundred miles.—*Judge*.

"What a shocking bad appointment to the Deanery of Barchester!" "Oh, I don't know. The usual qualifications—own brother to a peer, and a failure wherever he had been before!"—*Punch*.

Miss Howler (who sings)—That gentleman you just introduced me to said he would give anything if he had my voice. By the way, what business does he follow? Friend—He's an auctioneer.—*Judge*.

"What makes Bumpy so down on the long-distance telephone?" "He called up a man in Toledo who owes him two dollars and a half. They wrangled till it cost Bumpy thirteen dollars."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"If I were so unfortunate," said the man who had no use for the clergy, "as to have a stupid son, I'd prepare him for the ministry." "In that respect," replied a mild-mannered divine, "you think very differently from your father."—*Washington Times*.

The Hostess—Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gutmore she has it easy. The Visitor—Easy? I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry.—*Puck*.

The verger of St. Mary's, Oxford, on being congratulated by his rector for his constant attendance to duty, said, "I have heard every sermon that has been preached from this pulpit for fifty years; and, thank God, I am a Christian still."—*Exchange*.

"I have never been properly appreciated before, but the discovery of the cathodic ray gives me a reasonable ground for hope that the time has come when my merits will receive the attention they so richly deserve." It was the bone of contention which spoke.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

How very easily a child may get out of a scrape is shown by the case of the little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at tea if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please, auntie, pa never lows me to talk at meals."—*Tit-Bits*.

First Lawyer—I was looking over my boy's geometry lesson last night. I was quite interested in that proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Second Lawyer—That isn't very complicated. First Lawyer—No; but I was trying to think what a man could do if he had the other side of the case.—*Puck*.

What Did the Man Mean?

"I am well enough now that I have consented to be always ill," said Gustave Flaubert. That seems a very silly thing to say. It sounds like a contradiction. Yet there may be meaning in it not only, but a lesson for many of us. Two persons will first speak on the same subject, and help us to understand Mr. Flaubert's words.

"In the spring of 1884," says one, "I began to feel weak and ailing. I was tired, languid and low-spirited. I had no ambition or energy. My appetite was poor, and even a morsel of food distressed me. I had so much pain and tightness around the chest and sides that I unlaced my clothing. My mouth was dry and parched, and I felt hot and feverish. I was often faint, and had always a sense of sinking. I got but little sleep—often not more than half an hour in a night."

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker—not eating enough to feed a child. Thus I continued year after year. No medicines or treatment availed anything. In October, 1889, I heard of, and used your remedy. Half a bottle benefited me; and, continuing to take it, I was fully restored to health. Last summer Mr. Sage, the Evangelist minister of London, was at our village, and when I told him how ill I had been, and the remedy that cured me, he said: 'Why, that is the medicine which cured my mother after all the doctors at the hospital proved unable to help her. Yours, etc.' (Signed) Mrs. Jane Melton, Thurston, Bury St. Edmunds, February 16, 1894."

"For over twenty years," says another, "I suffered more or less from an intractable ma-

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PREPARED FROM THE FINEST
(ALF'S) FOOT JELLY IN A
POWDER FORM—ALL THE
FAVORITE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS—PREPARED IN TWO
MINUTES—ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR IT.

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Ladies all over the world express daily their gratification at the grand results obtained by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS & FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP, the only real true beautifiers in the world. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. They remove permanently all facial disfigurements, such as Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Redness, Oiliness, Sunburn, Tan, and Eczema. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box. 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. per cake. Address all orders to H. B. FOUL, 124 Yonge St., Toronto. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents,
71 Front Street East, Toronto

lady. I had a bad taste in the mouth, belching up a disgusting sour fluid; and although I often had a sense of sickness I seldom threw up the contents of my stomach. After meals I had pain and weight at the chest, and a nauseous gas was forced into my throat until I could hardly get my breath.

"Often, as I came from work, these attacks would take me, and I was compelled to sit down and rest. At night my sleep was much disturbed, and as time went on, through lack of eating my strength failed more and more, until I was weak and miserable. From time to time I consulted doctors and got medicines from the chemists, but no good came of it—that is, none that had power to abide.

"This was the manner of my life until February, 1892, when I first heard of the remedy to which I owe the best of all things—my good health. And how good indeed it seems after I had been without it so long! Five bottles in all did the work. Since that day I keep it in the house, and when I feel a bit out of sorts from any cause, a dose or two sets me right. (Signed) James Whitting, coal dealer, Denham Green, near Green Man Inn, Hoxne, Suffolk, February 14, 1894."

These are the facts. One moment now for thinking. I have a dear friend who lost his right arm in battle. "How have you ever contrived to get on without it?" I asked him one day. "Well enough," he answered, "after I had reconciled myself to its loss. But it was a loss bitter hard to bear. Ah, yes! Nobody can gainsay that."

You see, don't you? That was what Mr. Flaubert meant. He was a chronic dyspeptic. He had gone the rounds of doctors and drugs—a weary, wasteful round, and, ah, dear! was not a jot the better. Then he said what we have quoted.

That would have been the fate of Mrs. Melton and Mr. Whitting if they had not, happily, fallen in with Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That cured them, as it cures all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and the complaints that arise from inflamed stomach and liver. Nothing can replace a lost right arm, but health may replace disease. If Mr. Flaubert had known of Mother Seigel's Syrup he would never have uttered those despairing words.

A New Departure by the Wabash.

The Wabash railroad now runs its own solid trains from Buffalo to Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Woodstock, London and Chatham. These trains are the finest ever seen in Canada, being vestibuled from end to end. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Time tables and detailed information of this wonderful railroad from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Music.

The frequency with which the most simple terms in music are confounded, not only by the public generally but by those who should know better, has moved Mr. Krehbiel, the famous music critic, to pen a vigorous protest. He says: "It is not alone a knowledge of the constituent factors of a symphony, or the difference between a sonata and a suite, a march and a mazurka, that is rare. Unless you chance to be listening to the conversation of musicians, (in which term I wish to include amateurs who are what the word amateur implies, and whose knowledge stands in some respectable relation to their love), you will find, so frequently that I have not the heart to attempt an estimate of the proportion, that the most common words in the terminology of the art are misapplied. Such familiar things as harmony and melody, time and tune, are continually confounded. Let us call a distinguished witness into the box; the instance is not new, but it will serve. What does Tennyson mean when he says:

'All night have the roses heard
The flute, the violin, the bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune!'

"Unless the dancers who wearied Maud were provided with even a more extraordinary instrumental outfit than the Old Lady of Banbury Cross, how could they have danced 'in tune'? What shall the troubled critics say to Tennyson's orchestra consisting of a flute, violin and bassoon? Or to Coleridge's 'loud bassoon,' which made the wedding guest to beat his breast? Or to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's pianist, who played 'with an airy and bird-like touch'? Or to our own clever painter-novelist who, in 'Stubbins' through Jersey,' has brushes bring out his violoncello to entertain his fellow canal-boat passengers by playing 'the symphonies of Beethoven?' Professor Brander Matthews permits one of his heroines to sing Schumann's 'Wurde' and one of his heroes plays 'The Moonlight Concerto'; one of Ouida's romantic creatures spends hours at an organ, 'playing the grand old masses of Mendelssohn'; in 'Moths the tenor never wears of singing certain 'exquisite airs of Palestrina,' which recalls the fact that an indignant correspondent of a St. Louis newspaper, protesting against the Teutomania and heaviness of an orchestra conductor's programmes, demanded some of the 'lighter' works of Berlioz and Palestrina. Alas! these things and the many others which Mr. G. Sutherland Edwards long ago catalogued in an essay on 'The Literary Maltreatment of Music' are but evidences that even cultured folk have not yet learned to talk correctly about the art which is practiced most widely."

The question of bogus degrees in music has again been receiving attention at the hands of the British Parliament. When one reflects upon the manner in which these "fake" institutions flourish in the Old Land, and also upon the fact that, although several attempts have been made by several concerns to engage in the traffic of the same sham titles in Canada, the Canadian people have shown themselves sufficiently intelligent not to be duped, one is astounded that in an older country there should be any possibility of any such schemes ever obtaining a foothold. The worst feature of all of these humbugs is that their "calendars" and advertising sheets contain the names, as members, etc., of many of the leading musicians of England, with, in many cases, some of the most prominent members of the nobility and clergy as patrons, etc. This fact should demonstrate how unwise it is to place much faith in the examination schemes of any of these examining institutions because of certain influential names figuring as principals, directors, examiners or patrons. The defect "University of Church Musicians" of Kansas, which recently and unsuccessfully endeavored to set up in "business" in Canada, contained among its list of members and pushes the names of a number of England's most prominent musicians. The same is true of the Church Choir Guild of London, which also made frantic but futile endeavors to secure the co-operation of prominent Canadian musicians in a push for trade in this country. Another and very flourishing concern, the London College of Music, Limited, which has several times figured in the police courts of England, had for a time adorning its "diplomas" the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Frederic Cowen, and other eminent men. It was proven in court that this College had been conducting its business in a most questionable manner, and had actually been selling diplomas without examination. It also had its "bargain days," for some diplomas were sold cheaper than others. Surely "something is rotten in the state of Denmark" when such things can be. All of which goes to show that Canadians are wise in shunning all "local" examinations and money-making ventures of foreign schools, be they English, German, French, Yankee, or what not.

Herr Siegfried Wagner, who recently delivered himself of some warm criticisms of his countrymen because of a fancied lack of loyalty to the Wagnerian cause in Germany, will hardly relish the attitude of several of the leading English papers on the Bayreuth performances. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in describing the rendering of Siegfried stated that "what those who reside over the destinies of Bayreuth appear to be suffering from is an excess of admiring self-contemplation. They are so rapt in ecstasy at the real or fancied perfection of what takes place there that in the result they show themselves unable to derive benefit from any hint from outside, and so go on in this year's performances repeating many of the failures and imperfections of the last series." The truth of the matter is that Bayreuth worship can hardly be accepted as a true index of national appreciation of the works of the great Wagner. Wagner's works were never so popular in Germany as at the present time. The town is small, indeed, which has not its regular Wagner performances. Bayreuth, however, which is said to be rapidly degenerating into a social function, is not, as formerly, the Mecca of all good German Wagnerians. It would be a sorry day for Wagnerism in Germany if the occasional Bayreuth festival monopolized the field in the performance of the great master's works.

I am informed that several of the leading English music schools have been sending letters and circulars to the directors of Canadian schools of music soliciting their co-operation in arranging for "Colonial" examinations under the auspices of the institutions "at home." A quasi affiliation with one of the Royal schools would probably lend prestige to some of the weaker concerns in this country, but samples of the proposed examinations for the colonies reveal, on the part of the English promoters of the speculations, a sad lack of knowledge of the actual musical needs of this country or of the progress which has been made, and is being made, in several branches of musical study on this side of the Atlantic. The papers they propose to set for Canadian and colonial candidates generally, are ridiculously below the standard of our own leading institutions. They might prove an attractive bait in some parts of the empire, but they would prove to be lamentably behind the times if exploited over here.

Mr. Bernhard Walther gave a recital in Cobourg on Friday evening of last week which was a very gratifying success. A large audience attended, including many United States summer residents of the town. The Cobourg *Sentinel-Star* says of the event: "Mr. Walther's violin solos were of a very fine order of merit and excellence. This master of the violin played with faultless precision, and was enthusiastically encored again and again." Of the assisting artists, Mme. Walther and Signor Dinelli, the same paper says: "Madame Walther proved herself the possessor of one of the sweetest of sweet voices. Her enunciation is very clever and distinct. She sang in a manner which would leave one in no doubt as to her ability. At the conclusion of her first solo she was presented with a basket of the choicest flowers. Signor Dinelli's piano solos were capital contributions in exceptionally good style. They were rendered in a brilliant manner and rapturously applauded."

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray has come from Chicago under engagement by the Metropolitan School of Music to take a prominent position on the vocal staff of that thriving institution. By reliable authorities it is said that Miss Jaffray possesses a mezzo soprano voice of unusually rich and fine character. Her credentials certainly indicate artistic attainments of a superior order. Besides qualifying under exceptionally favorable conditions for concert work, Miss Jaffray studied for several years, with the express object of teaching, under Mr. J. H. Kowalski, one of the most successful masters of vocal art in America. It would therefore seem evident that the best of inferences may be drawn as regards her experience and abilities. Her services for concerts or tuition can be secured on application at the Metropolitan School of Music, corner of Queen street and Macdonell avenue.

Attention is directed to the card of Mr. Frank Welsman, who has joined the staff of the College of Music as Mr. Field's successor. Mr. Welsman has spent several years in Leipzig as a pupil of some of the leading masters of that famous music center. Under the instruction of Herr Prof. Martin Krause, the eminent piano pedagogue, his progress has been so marked as to attract the attention of the critics of Leipzig and win for him their warm praise, his brilliant technique and musically interpretations being especially commented on. In theory his work has also won high commendation, and his general musical attainments are of a character which ensure his success in Toronto, both as a performer and a teacher. Mr. Welsman will appear in a piano recital at an early date, particulars of which will be announced in a future issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club, which has developed within a few years to be one of the strongest of our local musical organizations, will hold its annual meeting on Tuesday, September 28, at the new Conservatory of Music, corner of Queen street and College street, when reports will be received and officers elected for the ensuing year. The Club regrets the removal to New York of Mr. Walter Robinson, who so successfully conducted it through its past season. Satisfactory arrangements are being made towards carrying on successfully the work for the coming season, which will be of a more interesting and varied character than previously. The secretary, Mr. E. P. Beatty, 15 Toronto street, has received a large number of applications for membership, which will be considered in the order of their receipt.

The season which is just opening promises to be an exceptionally busy one with our local teachers of music. Among the busiest of our voice specialists may be mentioned Sig. P. Delasco, who opens the season with a large list of pupils, including some of our most successful soloists. The recent great success of Miss Roman in concert work in Hamilton, and the cordial reception given Miss McMurtry, both young ladies being pupils of Signor Delasco, were indications of popular approval of his methods. Favorable reports are being received of the progress of his former pupil, Miss Huston, in Paris. Miss Huston, by the way, will probably return to the city during the coming year.

The enterprising music publishing house of Whaley, Royce & Co. are preparing a second volume of the Standard Anthem Book, the first volume of which has had a phenomenal sale in all parts of the Dominion. A second edition of the first volume is also being prepared, the first edition being almost completely exhausted. The work of compiling the second volume has been entrusted to Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist and choir-master of the Jarvis street Baptist church, who also edited and compiled the first volume.

Mr. E. R. Doward, organist of Broadway Tabernacle, has resumed his classes for the coming season. As a teacher of the piano and pipe organ, and as a vocal instructor, his success has always been very marked. As a choir-master he has held several of the most important positions in Toronto, including St. James' cathedral, Jarvis street Baptist church, Church of the Ascension, and the position he now holds. Appointments may be made with Mr. Doward at his residence, 45 Cecil street.

Attention is directed to the piano, vocal and elocutionary scholarships advertised in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT by the Metropolitan

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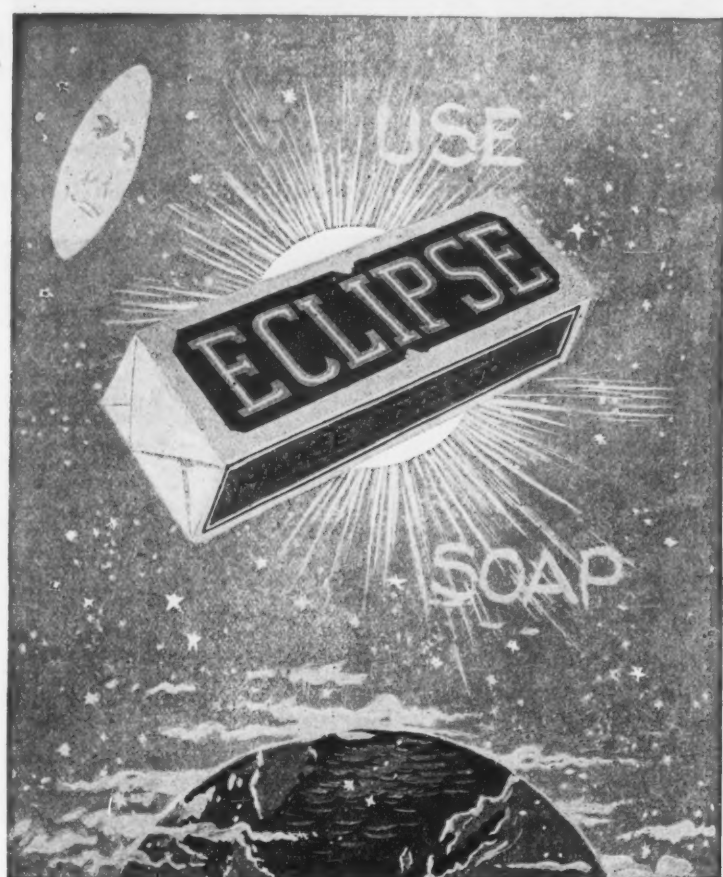
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Mr. Fr- spending- 230 Col-

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Social and Personal.

Apart from the lovely Grange, the unusually smart toilettes and the generally happy surroundings of the Kirkpatrick-Dixon nuptials, a feature much remarked by observant persons was the number of very good-looking men at the reception. A fine type is Mr. McIntyre of Kingston, an old friend of the Kirkpatrick family. Another, bronzed and moustached, was Colonel Biscoe, brother of Mrs. John Hagarty, who has again visited Toronto after an absence of over a quarter of a century. A lot of well set up and handsome young men were also decidedly an ornament to the bright and picturesque group in the Grange parlors.

Frau Dr. Hostetter has returned from an excursion to Lake Huron, and is residing at 18 Elm street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan of Hamilton and Miss Kingsmill of Grange avenue returned from Montreal on Monday last. Mrs. Morgan (nee Kingsmill) will remain with her aunt next week to receive the post-nuptial visits of her Toronto friends.

On Wednesday a pretty wedding took place in Guelph, between Mr. J. Richardson Watson and Miss Eleanor Nelles, daughter of Mr. J. A. Nelles, Archdeacon Dixon officiated. The bride wore white silk *crêpe*; her bridesmaid, Miss Florence Nelles, wore pink flowered organdie over pink silk, with Gainsboro' hat of black velvet. Mr. C. L. Nelles was best man, Messrs. H. R. Harvey and F. A. Nelles acting as ushers. Mrs. Pepler and Miss Chadwick of Toronto were among the guests.

The Executive of the American Association of Training School Superintendents met in Toronto, September 1 and 3. Miss Snively of the Toronto General Hospital was elected president last year in Baltimore, and the association will meet here again on the second Wednesday of next February. At the meeting last week were present: Miss Drown, superintendent Training School of Boston City Hospital; Miss Dock, late superintendent of Illinois Training School, Chicago, and now of New York; Miss Palmer, superintendent City Hospital, Rochester, N.Y., with the president and Miss Louise Brent of Toronto. Mr. J. Ross Robertson gave the Executive a nice luncheon at the National Club on Thursday, followed by a drive around the city, and on Friday, after a visit to the Lakeside Hospital, sent his carriage to drive the visitors to the Exhibition. The February meeting promises to be of much interest.

Mrs. Clinch, who has not been very well lately, is going for rest and recuperation into one of those delightful retreats known as private hospitals. She will be missed, and welcomed back in due time to her place in society.

Two brides who have gone forth from the Grange portals were present at the wedding on Wednesday. Mrs. Nordheimer, over whose fair head Time has passed with his old eyes fast shut, and pretty little Mrs. Eustace Smith, who was more like a little girl than a matron in her crisp, white muslin frock, and sunny waving hair.

The late provost of Trinity, Mr. Body, was a guest at the Grange on Wednesday, looking very well, and as if the air of Chelsea Square, New York, agreed with him perfectly.

An exquisite piece of wood carving is on view in Roberts', a *fac simile* mantel copied from the famous mantel in the Doge's palace, Venice, and one of the artistic things brought out by Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers on their last visit to Europe. A couple of lovely marbles, the Crouching Venus, and Love and Psyche, (an original) adorn the pretty drawing-rooms of their residence in Jarvis street.

Mr. R. Dawson, Montreal, is now in town spending a week's holidays with his family at 230 College street.

Two exquisite gowns were those worn by Mrs. James Henderson of Rosedale and Mrs. J. D. Hay at the wedding. Mrs. Henderson's was a dull and very new shade of violet satin, shot with yellow, with pale yellow *chiffon* vest and stock, and a charming little bonnet. Mrs. Hay's was a dark and handsome brocade, in purple, black and green, with iridescent bands of trimming and velvet belt, and a very

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TOWN TOPICS

20—Star People—20
5—Great Comedians—5
10—Pretty Comediennes—10
200—Hearty Laughs—200

Funniest Comedy on Record

BARGAIN MATINEES

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
ENTIRE BALCONY 15c
ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR 25c

large hat in heliotrope velvet, with rosettes of *chiffon*, and white and heliotrope ostrich plumes. Two more perfect types of gracious womanhood are seldom seen, each a queen in her own way.

A chime of dinner-bells, on a polished oaken shield, was Sir Frank Smith's gift to the bride this week. A very touching little tribute from loving hearts was the bread-trencher and knife from her aged *protegees* at the Old Woman's Home. His Honor and Lady Kirkpatrick gave a case of silver; Mrs. Homer Dixon, a chest of embroidered linen; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, a jeweled watch, and Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave, amongst other things, a silver tea service, three of which useful affairs were among the bridal gifts.

Miss Jessie Alexander is much improved in health since her return from Europe, having been quietly resting at her home, 45 Brunswick avenue, the past few weeks. Her friends will be glad to know that she will resume her concert work the latter part of October.

Miss Anna Hodge of 68 Beverley street left on Thursday for New York, where she intends taking up her permanent residence.

Mr. C. J. Walker, after an absence of two years, is on a visit to his old home on Major street. Mr. Walker, who is connected with a firm at Paterson, N. J., reports a very promising business outlook in New York and vicinity.

Mr. T. H. Best and Miss Mabel Best of Markham street, returned on Tuesday of this week from Montreal, where they spent a week as guests at the Balmoral.

Miss May Walker of Duluth, a graduate of the Conservatory School of Elocution, who will be remembered as handsome Anne Chute in the play of The Colleen Bawn, presented at the

The Art of Beauty is a... Beautiful Skin

The art of looking one's best by beautifying and improving the complexion is not easily acquired. Close observation and good natural taste are necessary for even beauty to display itself to the greatest advantage. "Beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most," is only true in a limited sense. Beauty must make the most of itself by bringing art to the aid of nature, and what is far more important, must take all necessary steps to preserve it. Beauty is woman's wealth, strength and power, and the knowledge how to procure, improve and preserve it is perfectly legitimate, and should be extended.

How often has a lady to remain at home from balls, parties and concerts on account of her face being red and blotchy, caused by an irritated skin. Every lady owes it



to herself to be fascinating and beautiful, and there is one way to have that soft and beautiful skin and that is by one month's treatment of Dr. CHASE'S OINTMENT

It is acknowledged by physicians to be without peer and the only safe and reliable cure for all skin diseases.

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Grand last May, has received the appointment of teacher of elocution at Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas. Miss Mabel Hall, another of Mr. Shaw's graduates has been appointed teacher of elocution at Acadia Ladies' Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. These appointments are distinctly encouraging to the faculty of the Toronto school, as well as richly rewarding the hard-working pupils.

Mrs. Folingsby and Miss Sidley have just returned from England, where they have made quite a lengthened visit. Both are looking very well, and are stopping at the Arlington.

Col. Burns of St. Louis, accompanied by his talented wife, paid Toronto a visit; while here they were the guests of Mrs. O'Loane of Howard street.

There are some men who act according to their lights, but there are more who act according to their lives.—*Boston Transcript*.
Cook (to policeman)—How neatly you carve that goose! (With a sudden outburst of jealousy.) You have deceived me! I am not your first love.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

First Tramp—Did yer give her dat gag about bein' too feeble ter work? Second Tramp—Yes. She said dat wuz what wuz der matter wid de gag.—*New York Journal*.

Mr. Grabenthal—Little Ike has ruined dot typewriter I got him for his birthday. Mrs. Grabenthal—Vot has he done with the beautiful typewriter? Mr. Grabenthal—He has got der dollar-mark vorn oudt already.—*Truth*.



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NIAGARA RIVER LINE

CHANGE OF TIME

Commencing Monday, September 13, trip leaving Toronto at 9 a.m. will be discontinued, also trip leaving Queenston 7.15 p.m., Lewiston 7.30 p.m. and Niagara-on-the-Lake 7.50 p.m.

Other trips will continue as at present until further notice.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

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Address—6 Glen Road.

Dunbar, Pauline Johnson and Joaquin Miller.

THE negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, is being lionized in London society. London is interested in him (the *Illustrated American* avers), not because he is a poet, but because he is a negro who writes poetry. A freak is apt to interest London society. Mere poets, and especially minor poets, are not sufficiently uncommon to roar with good effect in London drawing-rooms. Let a man be a poet if he will, but the great thing is that he should be a curiosity. Then, for a day and a night, he may have London at his feet. If an author comes from America, it is all the more incumbent upon him that he should be a freak of some sort. If he proves to be a mere gentleman, London is apt to feel herself defrauded. Mere gentlemen she produces for herself in monotonous abundance. She expects that foreigners, and Americans in particular, should be unusual and amusing. Of course, Mr. Dunbar is under no necessity of assuming ill manners or odd habits. His race and color are sufficient, and he can therefore afford to speak, act, eat, and dress as a gentleman without sacrificing his effectiveness as a lion. When Miss Pauline Johnson went to London, she was equally fortunate. Being an Indian, as well as a poet of authentic gift, she was able to win success in London drawing-rooms without assuming any pose that would do violence to her tastes as a woman of breeding and refinement. She was of Mohawk blood. She showed it in her features and complexion. Society was satisfied. It was interested not in the fact that she wrote poetry so well, but that, being an Indian, she could write it at all. But when Joaquin Miller went to London, he was just a white man, and had to pose. He took London by storm. But it was not by his poetry that he triumphed. His hair, of course, was long, but that was not enough by any means. He wore his long boots and red shirt where other men appeared in evening-dress. Carrying a great bear-skin with him into the drawing-rooms of the duchesses, he would throw it down and recline upon it in scorn of chairs or couches.

Literary Friendship.

(Inscribed to Bernard McEoy.)

Alack! the mischief of unbridled tongues;
The fond deceit to which a friend is prone;
The empty praise that comes but from the lungs;
These do not prove the friendship I would own.
Few are the critics that to truth are loyal;
Few so impartial that they will be fair,
Restraining flattery that tends to spoil,
Or sparing censure when they well may spare.
I would recall the nobler traits of one
Who well considered ere the words were said;
Scanned the fresh lines and, well or crudely done,
Commended or condemned them as he read.
His was a righteous yet a generous heart,
That ever wished the worthy student well;
True to its virtues, never false to art,
He looked for merit, but the truth would tell.
And though he blamed, no caustic spleen he showed,
Nor aimed the ready shaft of wit, as they
Who, seeing Pegasus would leave the road,
Attempt with pricks to keep him to the way.
Approval due, discretion's timely phrase
Failed to elate while stimulating skill;
When young ambition clamored for its praise,
His crumb of comfort never made it ill.
Still patient when the student urged a point,
Or claimed a license when he should revise;
He ne'er condoned a couplet out of joint,
Nor overlooked what others might despise.
I ween he thought me immature and vain,
Mayhap ungrateful for his sound advice;
Yet this I say: I recognize the gain
Of counsel needed to become precise.
And though I rise, or though I win no fame,
I still confess he chided as he taught.
Tis wise in him who profits most by blame,
And thinks the least of what himself has wrought.
WILLIAM T. JAMES.
Toronto, September, '97.

General Clothing Characteristics.

Gentlemen's garments during the incoming season will be specially noticeable for many things, among them these: Shoulders of all coats will be broad and moderately square in effect. Overcoats and undercoats will avoid either extreme tightness or looseness. Overcoats will be made to appear large and comfortable; undercoats will fit more snugly; the losing of all its boxy appearance, and although shapely, will nowhere be close-fitting. For fall overcoats the collar will usually be of the same material as the body of the garment, and the roll silk faced to the edge. For winter overcoats the collar will generally be of velvet, and the roll will be silk-faced to the end of the collar; when the collar is not of velvet, the silk coil extends to the edge. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin House Block, will give you details of all the latest fashion changes, and will introduce his own individuality and judgment into the garments he makes, so as to follow the styles and give you the style that will please you.

A Delightfully Cool Hotel.

Visitors to the city during the heated term will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, nearly opposite the Union Station entrance (the most modern hotel in the city—baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect summer home, under the personal management of the proprietor.

Lady Laurier Congratulates Gerhard Heintzman.

The following telegram was received by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman and is only another magnificent tribute to that gentleman's established reputation as a manufacturer of high-class and artistic piano-forte building:

Lady Laurier wishes to convey to Mr. Gerhard Heintzman her sincere congratulations for the magnificent boudoir grand piano which he has manufactured for her by the order of the citizens of Quebec. She admires the artistic finish of the case, but especially the perfection of the mechanism, the fine tonal qualities and musical resources of the superb instrument.
Quebec, August 30, '97.

Empress of India.

On and after Tuesday, September 14, the 7.40 a.m. trip of the steamer Empress of India will be discontinued, as also the night trip arriving here at 9.40 p.m. Single trips will continue till about October 20.



Wonderfully Cheap Suits of Stylish Clothes for Boys

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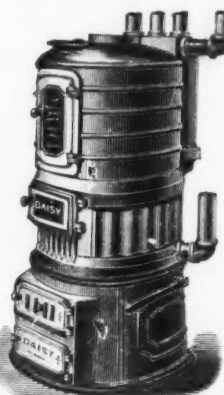
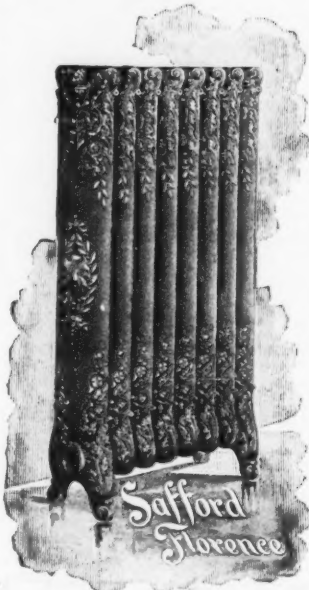
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Births.

LOVELL—On Friday, Aug. 27, the wife of Mr. R. J. Lovell—a son.
STRATHY—Hamilton, Sept. 2, Mrs. Stuart Strathy—a son.
RADLEY—Aug. 26, Mrs. C. E. Radley—a daughter.
APPELBE—Ferry Sound, Sept. 1, Mrs. J. Appelbe—a son.
HOWSON—Sept. 1, Mrs. H. B. Howson—a daughter.

Marriages.

LYON—TAYLOR—Sept. 1, Arthur Leslie Lyon to Annie Eleanor Taylor.
PORTER—PORTER—Sept. 1, Sydney C. Porter to Ella Porter.
ROLPH—GOAD—Sept. 2, Alfred Joseph Rolph to Christabel Edith Goad.
DUNNE—WILLIAMS—Sept. 1, William Hamilton Dunne to Martha Kathleen Williams.
GREGORY—ROLLS—Sept. 1, A. R. Gregory, B.A., to Mary Rols.
RUSSELL—WINKLER—Stratford, Sept. 6, James

Y. S. Russell to Violette A. M. Winkler.
BOLUS—BELL—Walter J. Bolus to Agnes Bell.
KIRKPATRICK—DIXON—Sept. 8, Arthur Thomas Kirkpatrick to Mary Frances Dixon.
MCCONNELL—ELMES—Sept. 8, John P. McConnell to Sarah Mabel Elmes.
WATSON—NELLES—Guelph, Sept. 8, John Richardson Watson to Elinor Nelles.
PEGGRAN—CRAWFORD—Sept. 8, Geo. Herndon Peggran to Jessie Minnie Crawford.
WALKER—WHITE—Sept. 7, Geo. Albert Walker to Elizabeth J. White.

Deaths.

YOUNG—August 24, James B. Young (member of the Caledonia Society) of 31 St. Alphonsus road.

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Central Canada Fair, Ottawa

Return tickets will be issued Toronto to Ottawa as follows:
Sept. 20th for \$5 35
Sept. 18th to 24th for \$7.85
All tickets good for return until Sept. 27th, 1897.
Proportionate rates from stations east of Toronto.

Western Fair, London, Ont.

Return tickets will be issued from Toronto to London as follows:
Sept. 14th and 16th for \$2 50
Sept. 10th to 17th for \$3.40
All tickets good for return until Sept. 20th, 1897.

A HARVEST EXCURSION

TO
Manitoba and the Canadian North-West

Will be run on Sept. 14th. Good for return until Nov. 13th, 1897.

Full information from any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent, or C. E. McPHERSON, 1 King Street EAST, Toronto.

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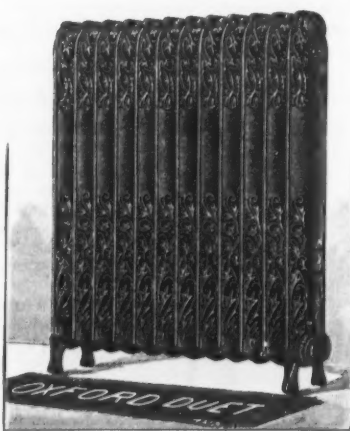
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